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A WARREN MAGAZINE

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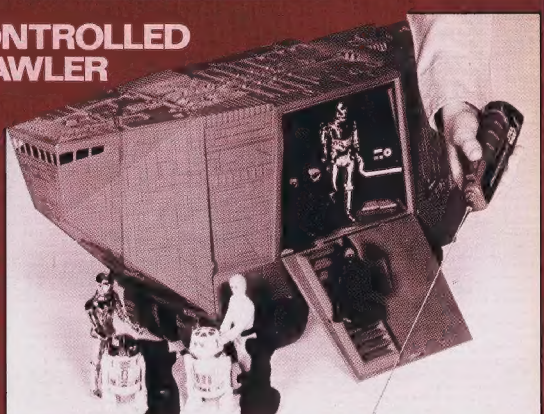
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1994

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THE SEED 6
The worst part about the first great Intergalactic Apocalypse was not that it lasted twenty-seven millenia. The awful part was that it made sexual limp-wads out of every male in creation!



JAILBREAK 21
Channel 69 wasn't having a very good year. But then, they had never had a particularly good year. They were perennially lodged in the ratings cellar. Yet, all that was about to change!



OVER FOUR BILLION 25
There was mild panic when aliens parked their spaceship atop the United Nations. It was every man for himself, though, when they began putting humans on the buttered side of a sesame seed bun!



STARFIRE SAGA 35
Drago was a strange man, secretive, mysterious. He lived alone on a small, uncharted asteroid. Strangest of all, though, was the way he had come back to life after he'd been savagely killed!



GHITA OF ALIZARR 45
Ghita was fairly blushing with the aromatic essence of fermented grape and fresh sin. But the trollish priest was not tempted by her wiles. He was faithful to his god ... in the deep, dark pit!



BABY MAKES THREE 55
They found something out there! Beyond Pluto and the known solar system. We don't know what it is. But it's big! Big enough to toss aside anything that gets in its way ... at faster than light speed!

incoming telemetry



1994 DESIGNED TO TITILATE BOYS?

After reading the latest (and first) issue of **1994**, I sat back and tried to analyze why it is that I like the magazine so much.

First of all, **1994** isn't really the "adult" magazine you proclaim it to be. Oh, every story has its fair share of profanity, sure. And there's a bit more nudity than you'll find in your average comic book. But for the most part, **1994**'s stories are aimed primarily at maturing, sexually confused males: which includes just about **every** young man/boy between the ages of ten and twenty.

The stories aren't your usual formula comic tales. The **Starfire Saga** is a perennially action-packed bang-'em-up **Marvel Comics**-type adventure series, designed for those **Marvel**-bred readers who have outgrown four color comics.

Ghita of Alizarr is obviously designed more for the sixteen-to-eighteen year old male with a constant sexual ache that is hard-pressed to be relieved! (Did I just write that?) The character is the epitome of many young male fantasies.

Haxtur, on the other hand, contains neither the slam-bang American comic book acion of **The Starfire Saga**, nor the blatant sexual overtones of **Ghita**. It is beautiful intelligent fantasy with a distinctly European flavor.

The short stories within **1994** also seem to fall into one of the aforementioned categories, as well, with the majority leaning towards the **Ghita** trend of trying to stimulate the sexual organs of young boys.

It is definitely not a **bad** combination. And now that I can see exactly what **Warren** is trying to do with **1994**, I am able to enjoy the magazine that much more.

CAROLE BOI
La Salle, Ill.

1994: COMIC MANUAL OF SEX!

I have just bought my first issue of **1994**. And after examining it, it also proved to be my **last! 1994** has to be one of the **worst** magazines I've ever read! I tried to keep an open, non-objective mind as I leafed through it. But I found the magazine and its subject matter to be sexually exploitative and abusive, with profanity employed freely and frequently without motive!

DREW JOHNSON
Munfordville, Ky.



"EUTHANASIA" PROPHETIC?

"East of Euthanasia" was the perfect story to lead off **Warren's** new **1994** magazine, and a very appropriate story with which to introduce this new and extremely uncertain decade.

Having worked in a U.S. Army chemical warfare manufacturing plant, I have had first-hand experience with bio-chemical agents that are very, **very** similar to those mentioned in **Will Richardson's** story. Whether you realize it or not, these are **not** imaginary substances. They are very **real** and very **dangerous**! And I, as well as many other civilian and military personnel have long voiced the fear that these chemical/bacteriological weapons might be misused in manners not unlike those depicted in "East of Euthanasia!"

I know that this was merely another piece of comic magazine fiction to many people; possibly even to the author **Mr. Richardson**. But it is also very prophetic, and a **genuine** horror story that frightens the living **shit** out of me.

SGT. DICK KULAK
Fort Ord, Calif.

And us, Dick. "East of Euthanasia" was written only after the author spent months of exhaustive research, studying the development and use of chemical warfare agents. He became personally involved with some of the victims of these very substances, and tried to pass on a small semblance of the horror he uncovered, within the pages of this magazine.

"GIVE THORNE A NEW SERIES!"

I can't help but notice that many of the illustrators whose work appears in **1994** can also be found in the pages of the other **Warren** magazines, CREEPY, EERIE, VAMPIRELLA and THE ROOK.

Alex Nino, **Jose Ortiz** and **Rudy Nebres** are all artists who have garnered respectable following in the horror comic genre. About the only **1994** artist whose work hasn't appeared across the **Warren** board is **Frank Thorne**.

And the bitch of it is, **Thorne** is my **favorite** artist. I'm sure that I'm not the only one who'd like to see him illustrating more than one series per month for the **Warren** magazines.

Couldn't you convince him to take on a **second** series . . . say in the pages of VAMPIRELLA magazine? I'm sure it would be as big a hit as **Ghita!**

PERRY DONLEVY
Oakland, Calif.

Frank's greatest fans can be found right here at the Warren offices, Perry. We'd love to be able to nail him down to a second series. But PLAYBOY magazine has beaten us to the punch. His newest feature "Moonshine McJuggs" begins in their May issue.

I like **Ghita of Alizarr**. In its few brief appearances in **1984/94**, it has rapidly become my favorite strip.

There is only one thing that disturbs me about the series. And that is, it seems to be drawing to an all-too rapid **close**.

Now that **Ghita** has her army of Halftrolls banded together, I can see her reclaiming Alizarr, and thus reaching an end to her quest. This speculation coupled with the knowledge that **Jim Warren** is notorious for killing off series characters after a half dozen appearances or so, has me fearing for **Ghita's** ultimate fate!

Please! Reassure me and all of **Ghita's** fans that she will live to a ripe old age within the pages of **1994!**

BRIAN HADEN
Fayetteville, N.C.

Ghita's seemingly rapid conquest of Alizarr may not be as imminent as you think, Brian. Even the best-laid plans of golden goddesses and other comic heroines often go astray. . . as you'll see in the next several episodes of Frank Thorne's epic.

CORBEN IMITATORS LAZY, TALENTLESS?

It's getting so that every issue of every science fiction magazine published today, features the work of a brand new "messianic illustrator who's about to take the world by storm."

The thing about these wonderkinds is that not one of them can **draw** worth a **damn**, and each does his level best to **hide** that fact by prettying up his scribblings with second-rate airbrushing.

We've seen more than our share of these smug junior league **Corben** imitators in the pages of **1984/94** magazine: **Joe Vaultz**, **Herb Arnold**, and in the most recent issue, **Mike Saenz**.

Now **Vaultz** was **bad** and **Arnold pathetic**, but neither of these hacks has been seen in a **Warren** magazine in some months. And hopefully their comics career is **history!**

However, the latest of your "discoveries" is the most talentless of all. **Saenz** draws as though he were a quadruplegic mongoloid, tells a story as artfully as a lobotomized anthropoid and has all the artistic integrity of a pile of steaming dog shit!

How he **ever** found his way into print within the pages of **Warren's** finest artistic magazine, is beyond my comprehension. I can only hope that the comics' encounter with **Saenz's** dubious artistic "talents" is as short-lived as that of his predecessors.

JOEL ROBERSON
Brunswick, Md.

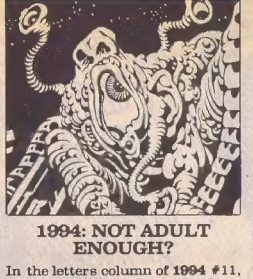
I see that the latest in a string of **Richard Corben** imitators has found his way into the pages of **Warren's 1984** magazine. I'm referring to **Mike Saenz**, of course.

Like others in this seemingly-endless procession of would-be comic "legends," **Saenz** tries vainly to imitate the **Corben** style by relying heavily on an airbrush to achieve that slick, dynamic look which has made **Corben's** art renown.

What **Saenz** and the myriad of other **Corben** imitators don't realize, however, is that **Richard Corben** does not **use** an airbrush to achieve his dynamic style. He employs a combination of artistic mediums from felt tip markers to a special series of gray pencils called **Prismacolors**. His airbrush is employed only on rare occasions.

Aside from this, however, **Corben** has two additional "trade secrets" which his imitators could never hope to duplicate: hard work and talent. It's sorely lacking in the art of many of comics' young illustrators.

ROD KLEIN
Omaha, Neb.



1994: NOT ADULT ENOUGH?

In the letters column of **1994** #11, while explaining why stories from **1984/94** are not eligible for the **Warren Awards**, you mention the magazine's "mature subject matter" and "adult material."

While **agreeing** that **1994** is not suitable for younger readers, I **disagree** that this is because of any "mature" or "adult" aspect to the magazine's contents. To me, those terms imply a certain sophistication in approach, a depth of treatment, and a wider view of circumstances, tempered with understanding and empathy for the varying possible conditions of humankind.

But let's look at the eight stories which appeared in issue #11, for example. Could **any** of these stories have been published in one of **Warren's** other, non-"adult" magazines?

"Once There Was A Masher" could have been transferred verbatim. "East of Euthanasia," "Outpost 1017," "Live Large," "The Starfire Saga," and **Haxtur** would require only deletion of the profanity in order to transform them into entirely typical stories for **Warren's** other magazines. Though I must say that **Haxtur** comes closest to being an "adult" story.

Of the remaining two, "The Jewels of Araknid" has but one nonessential scene that might be deleted, while **Ghita of Alizarr** has several such scenes. But the series differs only in brazenness from **Marvel's Red Sonja**, which was, of course, a code-approved book.

In fact, to judge from the magazine's contents, **Warren** feels that "adult" stories are distinguished by foul language and gratuitous (not essential to the plot) sex. These elements perhaps must be tolerated in the name of free speech, but I'd like to see **Warren** stop taking the easy route of merely embellishing standard stories with abusive language and abundant sex, and use these elements within **truly** sophisticated, adult material.

T.M. MAPLE
Ontario, Canada

RICH MARGOPOULOS BRAIN DAMAGED

Let me tell you. I bought three copies of **1994** #11, not because I am so enamored with the magazine's stories and art that I want to paper my walls with its pages. I purchased them because I was impressed with the wisdom and foresight displayed by the magazine's editorial department in selecting **my** letter for publication.

Imagine my surprise, however, when I saw my name in print beneath only a **portion** of the letter I had actually penned. I had **much** more to say about author **Rich Margopoulos'** talents than were actually published. Further, I was exceedingly eloquent in my extensive discussion of his dubious family background. **Why** my comments were censored, **I'll never** know.

However, after reading **1994** #11, I'm kind of glad they were.

Margopoulos wrote two stories within this issue. One was his usual, patented brand of undiluted **shit**. The second, however, (and I'm almost ashamed to say this) wasn't that **bad** at all!

"The Jewels of Araknid," if you overlook the cliche story, predictable ending and nonsensical formula plot, was almost even **readable**. I loved the character **Z'zitt**, and hope, despite his demise at the story's end, that we will be seeing him again in future issues.

While I have utterly **detested Margopoulos'** illiterate, unintelligible tripe in the past, "Jewels," shows that the boy is at least **trying** to recover from the virtually irreparable brain damage incurred from reading fifteen years worth of **Marvel** comics!

JOAN PESCARA
Middleport, Ohio

"JEWELS" A GEM!

I have nothing but praise for the story "The Jewels of Araknid."

The lead character **Z'zitt** was one of the most delightful, colorful and unique protagonists I've ever seen in a comics page. Who would have thought that the colic personality of a great white hunter could be successfully espoused within the body of a great black **fly**? It's pure and simple genius.

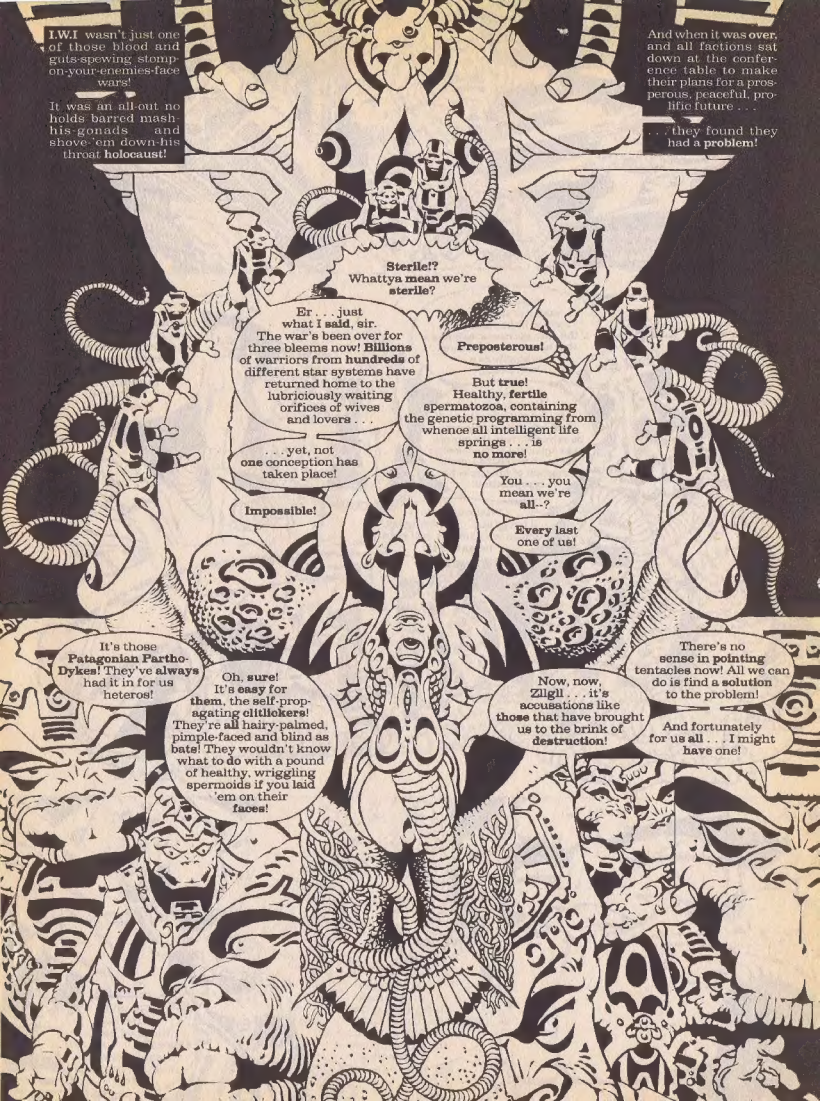
A great deal of the credit has to go to **Rich Margopoulos**, the author of the story. It was he who conceived **Z'zitt**, gave him a charismic personality and a successful vehicle in which to display his radiant charm.

But artist **Jose Ortiz** is the miracle worker who brought **Z'zitt** to life for me. Only **he** could have bestowed the human emotions of fear, rage, joy and lust upon a sleazy, slimy, repulsive **fly**!

SHARON WOODS
Portland, Ore.



Author: WILL RICHARDSON/Illustrator: ALEX NINO


I.W.I wasn't just one of those blood and guts-spewing stomp-on-your-enemies-face wars!
It was an all-out no holds barred mash-his-gonads and shove-'em down-his throat holocaust!
And when it was over, and all factions sat down at the conference table to make their plans for a prosperous, peaceful, prolific future . . .
. . . they found they had a problem!
Sterile!? Whattya mean we're sterile?
Er . . . just what I said, sir. The war's been over for three bleems now! Billions of warriors from hundreds of different star systems have returned home to the lubriciously waiting orifices of wives and lovers . . .
Preposterous!
But true! Healthy, fertile spermatozoa, containing the genetic programming from whence all intelligent life springs . . . is no more!
. . . yet, not one conception has taken place!
You . . . you mean we're all--?
Every last one of us!
Impossible!
It's those Patagonian Partho-Dykes! They've always had it in for us heteros!
Oh, sure! It's easy for them, the self-propagating clitlickers! They're all hairy-palmed, pimple-faced and blind as bats! They wouldn't know what to do with a pound of healthy, wriggling spermoids if you laid 'em on their faces!
Now, now, Zligll . . . it's accusations like those that have brought us to the brink of destruction!
There's no sense in pointing tentacles now! All we can do is find a solution to the problem!
And fortunately for us all . . . I might have one!

"While life as we know it has tottered on the edge of total **annihilation**, a small splinter group of quasi-intelligent creatures, has been multiplying prolifically on a backwards, isolated sphere nestled snugly in the **boondocks** of creation!"

"One of our **scout ships** has ascertained that these bi-pedal mammalians call themselves **humans!**"

"They seem to be the **descendants** of a crazed Rabidalian **hermit** who fled the federated brotherhood of planets some **six million** blooms ago, seeking refuge on the outback world before eventually **mating** with the native anthropoidinal fauna!"

The **result** after millions of **blooms of in-breeding**, is a **backwards, intellectually stunted** creature of profoundly grotesque physical attributes!

However, the **males** of the species seem to be in possession of the only **spermatazoa** known that has not been rendered as **sterile** as a baby's bung!

It is hoped that enough of the original **intellect-endowing** attributes can be salvaged from the genetic make-up of the human seed to begin an immediate crash program of intergalactic **repopulation!**

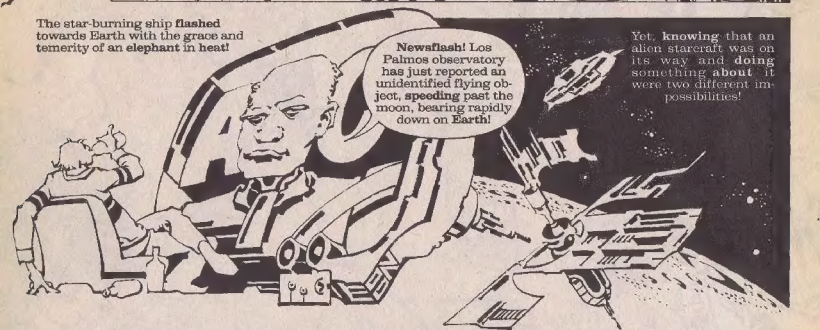
Without such a program . . . intelligent life as we know it will soon be **extinct!**

To **gather** and **store** the precious human seed, we have devised these grotesque **androidinal receptacles** which closely resemble the humans' **own** biological incubators!

My plan is to **plant** the android receptacles upon the planet Earth . . . and allow them to gather as much human seed as possible!

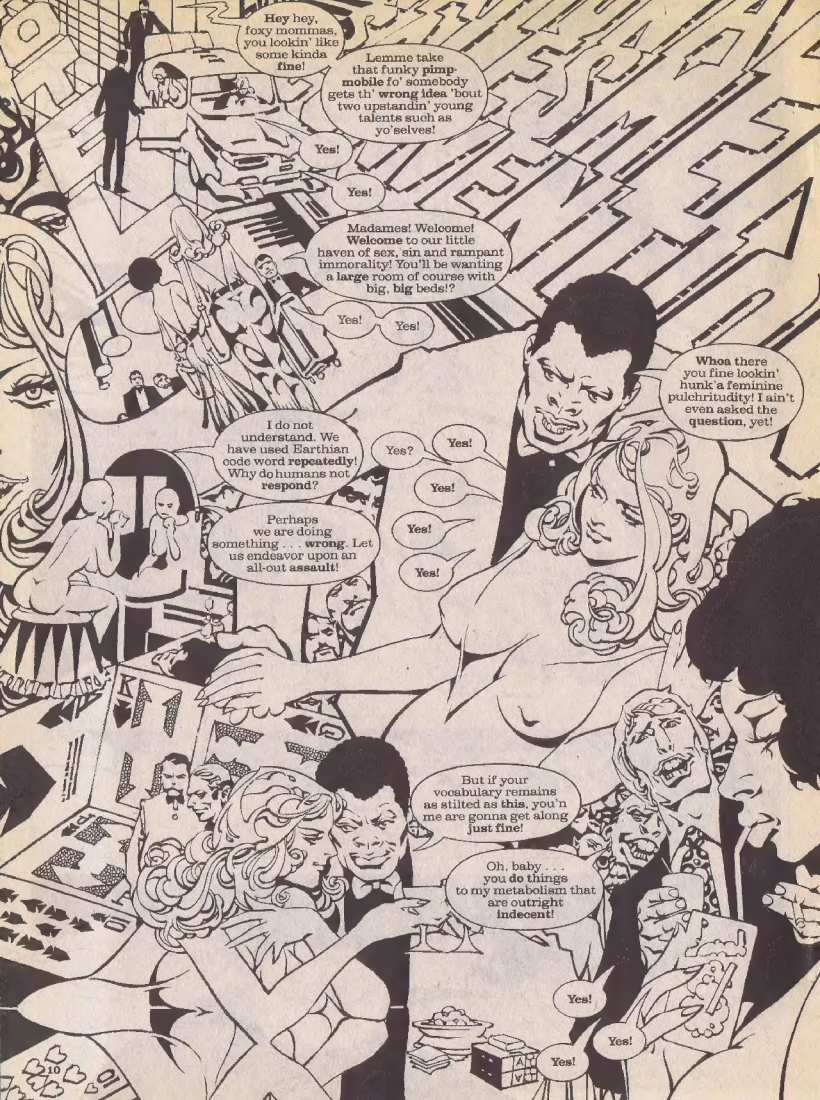
Should analysis of the seed prove **favorable** . . . we can begin at once to milk the humans **dry!**


It didn't take long for the inter-galactic assemblage to over-whelmingly approve the wildly despe-rate plan!
It was, after all, their last, desperate shot, so to speak!
A short time later, a star-hopping transport streaked Earthward with two very pretty, human-looking an-droids, packing all the equipment they needed to in-sure their mission's success!
There's only one thing y'gotta remember t'get what we're after!
That's the word yes! Use it frequently and freely!


The star-burning ship flashed towards Earth with the grace and temerity of an elephant in heat!
Newsflash! Los Palmos observatory has just reported an unidentified flying ob-ject, speeding past the moon, bearing rapidly down on Earth!
Yet, knowing that an alien starcraft was on its way and doing something about it were two different im-possibilities!

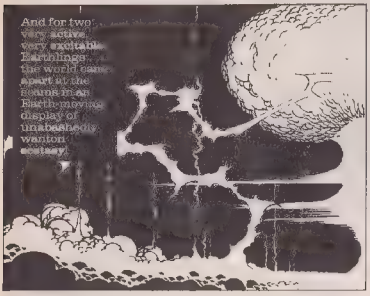

The extraterrestrial vessel plunged into the Earth's at-mosphere . . . discharged an ancient, coughing, spit-ting, spontaneous combus-tion fossil-burner onto the sands of a deserted western desert . . .

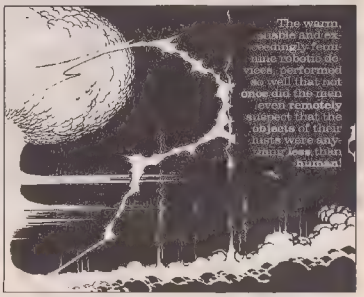

. . . and was halfway back to its home world before Earth's defenses were ever even mobilized!
Bearing: due west.
Distance: twelve remos.
Destination: Earthian sin center called Las Vegas.


Hey hey, foxy mommas, you lookin' like some kinda fine!
Lemme take that funky pimp-mobile fo' somebody gets th' wrong idea 'bout two upstandin' young talents such as yo'selves!
Yes!
Yes!
Madames! Welcome! Welcome to our little haven of sex, sin and rampant immorality! You'll be wanting a large room of course with big, big beds!?
Yes!
Yes!
Whoa there you fine lookin' hunk'a feminine pulchritudity! I ain't even asked the question, yet!
I do not understand. We have used Earthian code word repeatedly! Why do humans not respond?
Yes?
Yes!
Yes!
Yes!
Yes!
Perhaps we are doing something . . . wrong. Let us endeavor upon an all-out assault!
But if your vocabulary remains as stilted as this, you'n me are gonna get along just fine!
Oh, baby . . . you do things to my metabolism that are outright indecent!
Yes!
Yes!
Yes!


And so it went. . . . the very first night the extraterrestrial semenal receptacles performed their primary gathering functions with the enthusiasm of rabid lechers!


A little of this! A whole lot of that!

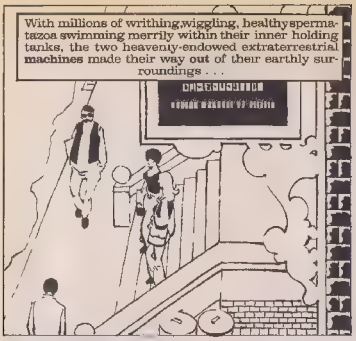

And for two very active, very excitable Earthlings, the world came apart at the seams in an Earth-moving display of unabashedly wanton ecstasy!


The warm, pliable and exceedingly feminine robotic devices, performed so well that not once did the men even remotely suspect that the objects of their lusts were anything less than human!

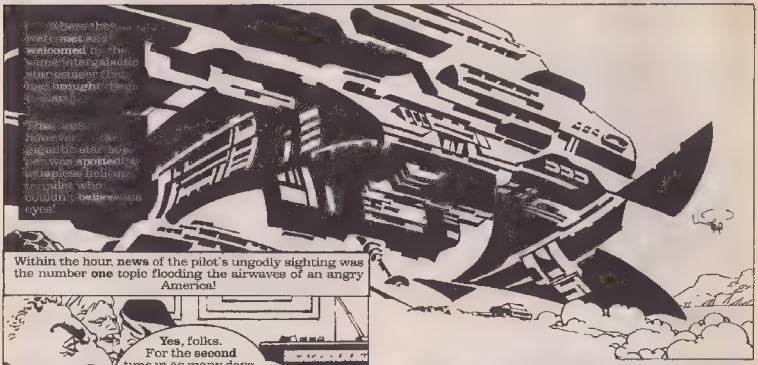

My sensors indicate receptacle tanks filled to capacity!
Our masters have underestimated the Earthians!


My sensor indications are similar! It is good the humans left when they did!
My overload circuits are ready to explode!

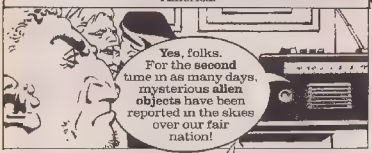
With millions of writhing, wiggling, healthy spermatazoa swimming merrily within their inner holding tanks, the two heavenly-endowed extraterrestrial **machines** made their way **out** of their earthly surroundings . . .







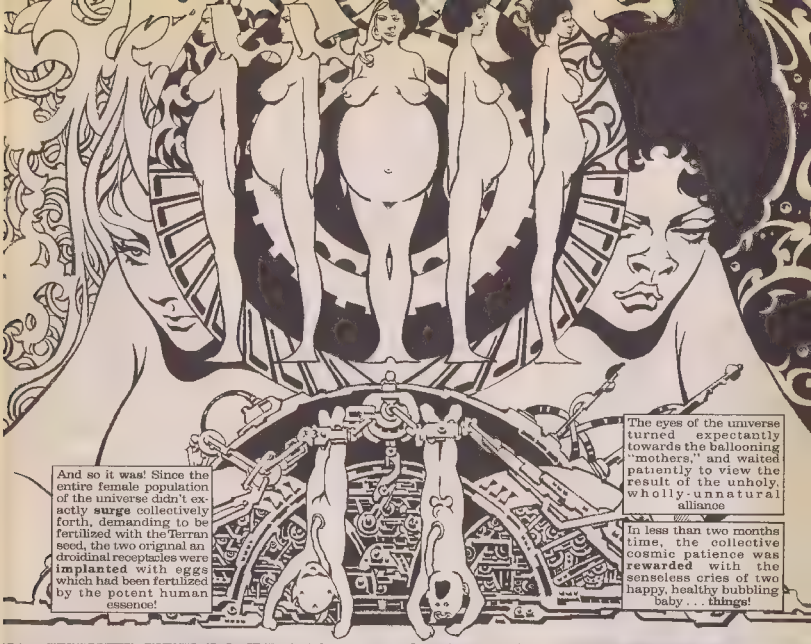
Within the hour, **news** of the pilot's ungodly sighting was the number **one** topic flooding the airwaves of an angry America!

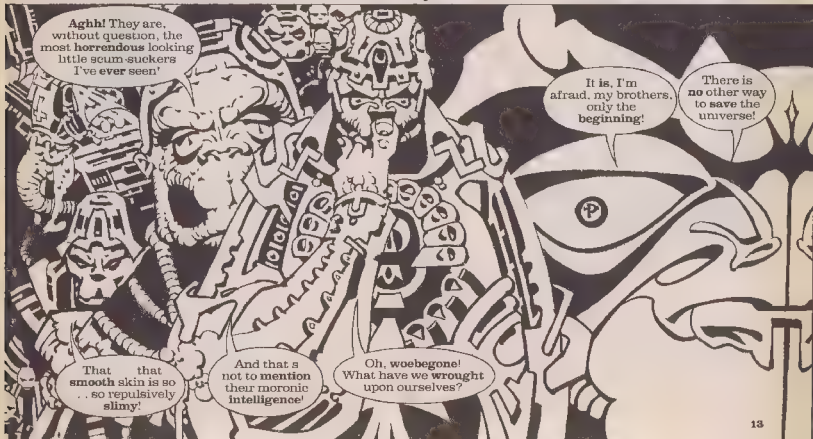


The **news**, when it came, wasn't **quite** what the newly-united Brotherhood of Interstellar Sterility wanted to hear!



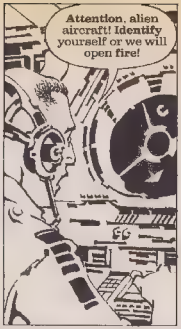
Yet, while the Earthians were **buzzing** over alien invaders . . the aliens themselves were anxiously awaiting word on **whether** or not their Terran brothers had it in them to forestall the premature demise of intelligent life throughout the cosmos!


And so it was! Since the entire female population of the universe didn't exactly **surge** collectively forth, demanding to be fertilized with the Terran seed, the two original an drodinal receptacles were **implanted** with eggs which had been fertilized by the potent human essence!
The eyes of the universe turned expectantly towards the ballooning "mothers," and waited patiently to view the result of the unholy, wholly-unnatural alliance
In less than two months time, the collective cosmic patience was **rewarded** with the senseless cries of two happy, healthy bubbling baby . . . **things**!

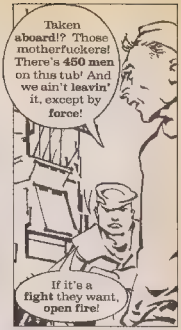

Aghh! They are, without question, the most **horrendous** looking little scum-suckers I've **ever** seen!
That . . . that **smooth** skin is so . . . so repulsively **slimy**!
And that's not to **mention** their moronic **intelligence**!
Oh, woebegone! What have we **wrought** upon ourselves?
It **is**, I'm afraid, my brothers, only the **beginning**!
There is **no** other way to **save** the universe!

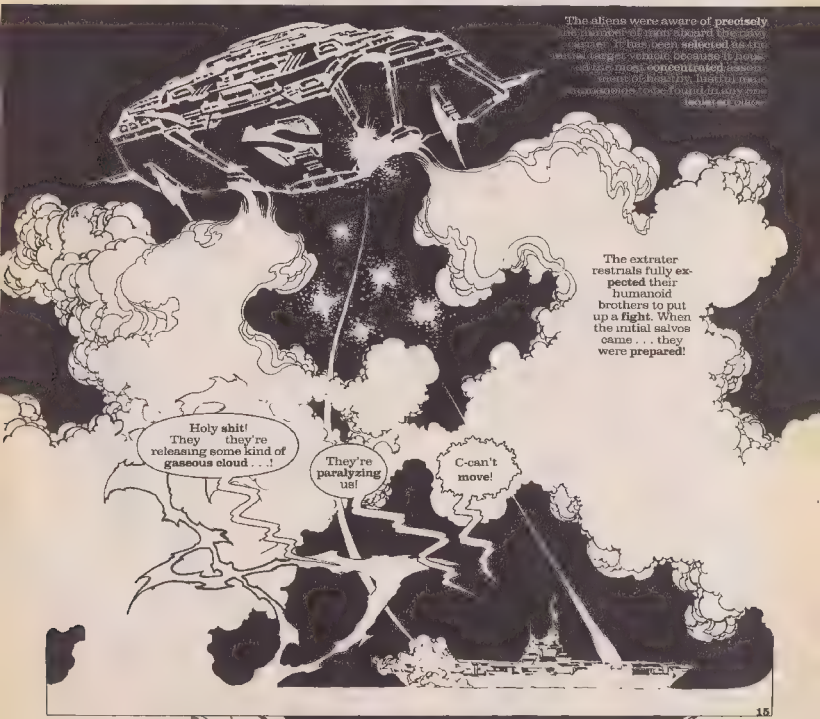

And a horde of such plasma-warm, artificial life-collectors began rolling off the assembly lines on a dozen different planets.
The alien warlords agreed upon their strategies, selected their troops and prepared for their onslaught of Earth!
While upon the calm waves of the peaceful Atlantic Ocean, in that secluded section of sea known as the Bermuda Triangle . . . a powerful Navy warship prowled, ever on the alert for danger!

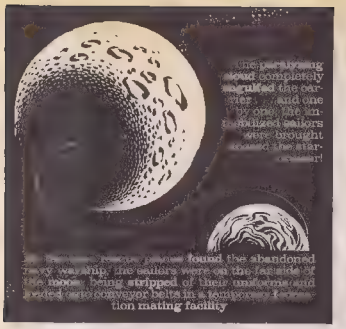

Suddenly . . . a huge alien object soared through the atmosphere!
Holy shit, commander! It . . . it's a U.F.O.!

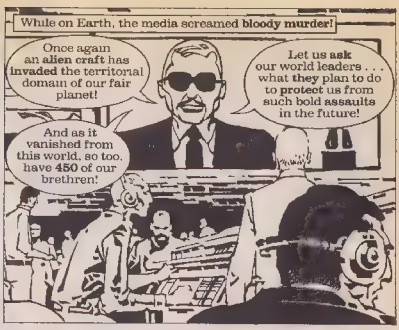

Attention, alien aircraft! Identify yourself or we will open fire!


We are from the Intergalactic Brotherhood, Earthians! We are on a mission of peace! Prepare to be taken aboard!


Taken aboard!? Those motherfuckers! There's 450 men on this tub! And we ain't leavin' it, except by force!
If it's a fight they want, open fire!

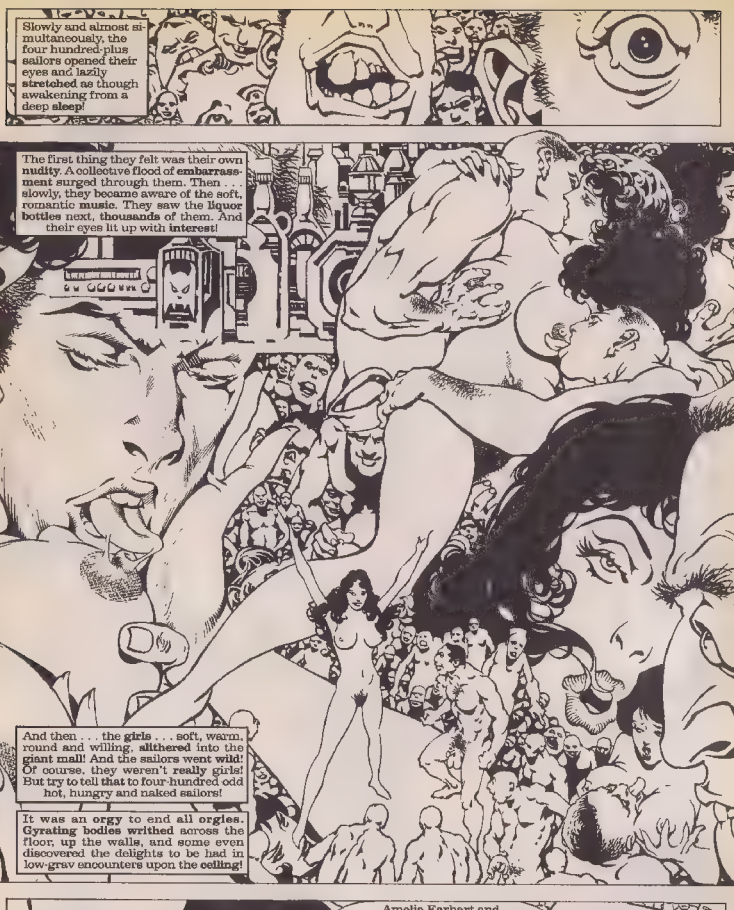

The aliens were aware of precisely the number of men aboard the ship because it has been selected as the next target vessel because it has relatively unconcentrated population of men, instead of women, children, livestock or valuable cargo found on any one location.
The extraterrestrials fully expected their humanoid brothers to put up a fight. When the initial salvos came . . . they were prepared!
Holy shit! They . . . they're releasing some kind of gaseous cloud . . . !
They're paralyzing us!
C-can't move!

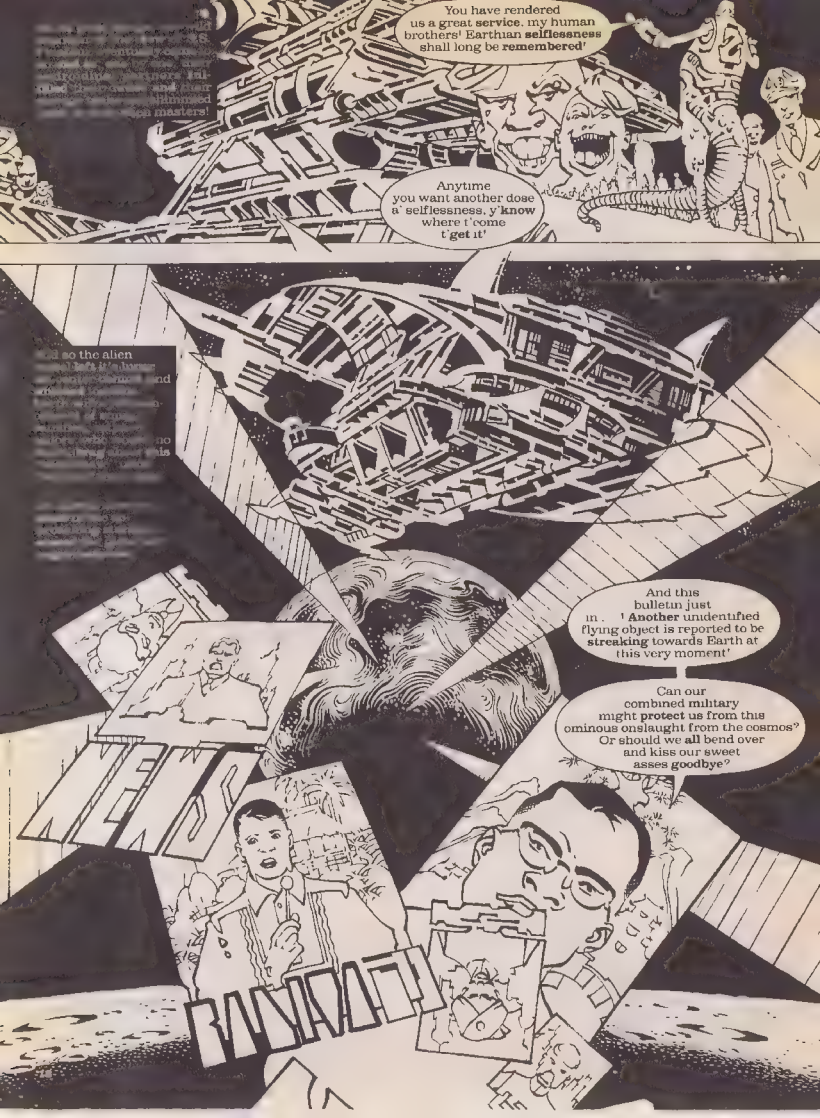

the fleet flying
crewed completely
by robot ships
and one
by one, the in-
animated sailors
were brought
aboard the star-
ships!
The Earthian mining planet found the abandoned
fleet wandering, the sailors were on the backside of
the moon, being stripped of their uniforms and
loaded onto conveyor belts in a temporary fermen-
tion mating facility


While on Earth, the media screamed bloody murder!
Once again an alien craft has invaded the territorial domain of our fair planet!
Let us ask our world leaders . . . what they plan to do to protect us from such bold assaults in the future!
And as it vanished from this world, so too, have 450 of our brethren!

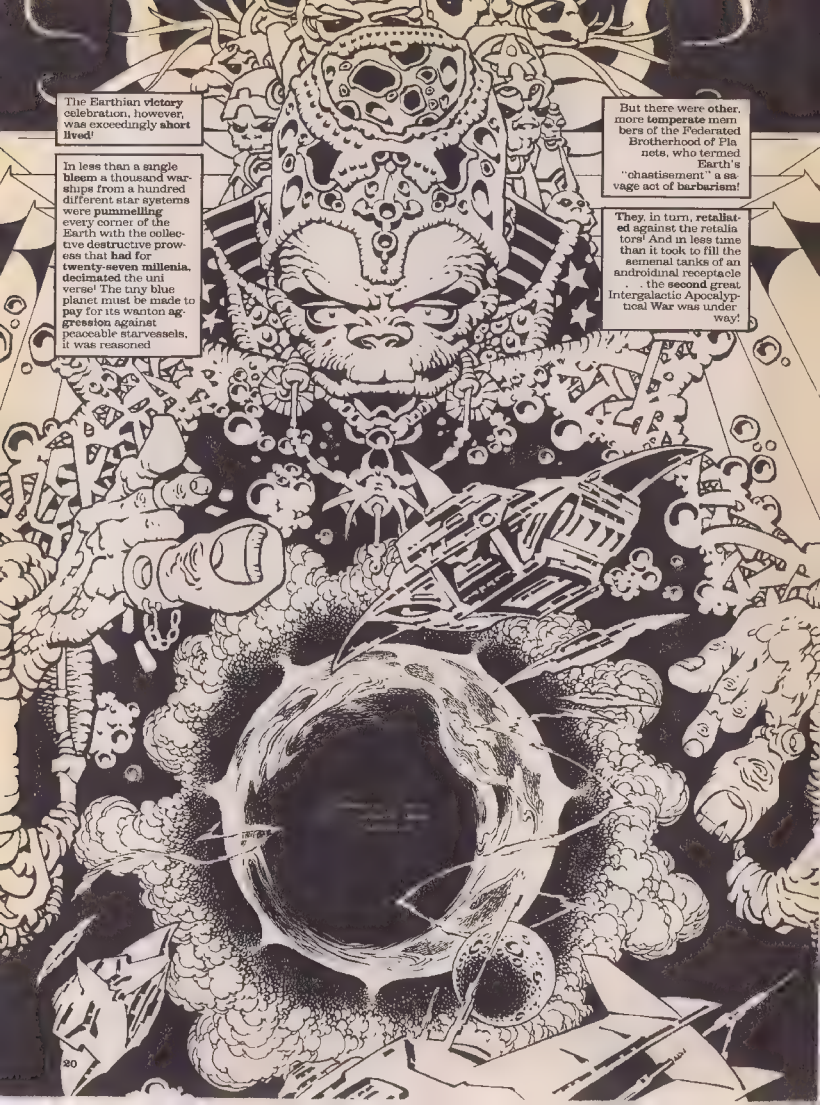

Look, my brothers! The Earthians regain their senses. Conceal yourselves quickly! And bring forth the androidmal collectors!


Even the common man was beginning to ask, "Wither now, spaceman?"
Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Aliens snatch helpless swabs!


Slowly and almost simultaneously, the four hundred-plus sailors opened their eyes and lazily stretched as though awakening from a deep sleep!
The first thing they felt was their own nudity. A collective flood of embarrassment surged through them. Then . . . slowly, they became aware of the soft, romantic music. They saw the liquor bottles next, thousands of them. And their eyes lit up with interest!
And then . . . the girls . . . soft, warm, round and willing, slithered into the giant mall! And the sailors went wild! Of course, they weren't really girls! But try to tell that to four-hundred odd hot, hungry and naked sailors!
It was an orgy to end all orgies. Gyrating bodies writhed across the floor, up the walls, and some even discovered the delights to be had in low-grav encounters upon the ceiling!
While all around the Earth, fear, trepidation and concern were being voiced for America's unfortunate semen . . . er, seamen!
Amelia Earhart and Judge Crater yesterday! Four hundred and fifty sailors today! Who knows, ladies and gentlemen, who will be next to disappear? You? Me? Or maybe . . . us all!
What abyssmal fate do the aliens have in store for us? Slavery? Genocide? Or is it humankind's destiny to end up on a poo-poo platter in some godless, forgotten corner of creation?


You have rendered us a great service, my human brothers! Earthian selflessness shall long be remembered'
Anytime you want another dose a' selflessness, y'know where t'come t'get it!
And so the alien
And this bulletin just in . . ! Another unidentified flying object is reported to be streaking towards Earth at this very moment!
Can our combined military might protect us from this ominous onslaught from the cosmos? Or should we all bend over and kiss our sweet asses goodbye?
NEWS
BANANA!!


This time, however, the Earthmen were ready! Once and for all they would show these extraterrestrial exasperators that humankind was not put upon this Earth to be toyed with!
They're in range, general! Now!!
Er . . commander . I think we might have a minor problem . . .!
The missiles came from every part of the globe, filling the heavens with fly-drawn fire as they speed towards their target!
Aboard the alien starship, 450 American sailors saw, then heard the doomsplaying display of rocketry! Each understood instantly what was happening. A few even had time to utter a final, breathless word of atonement!
Shit!
Oh fuck!
Sweet Jeezus!
But for the most part, it was over quickly and painlessly, in the most dazzling display of fireworks ever devised by man!
WHUM!
The news media and the world were orgasmic with delight! The bloodlusting invaders had finally been repelled.
And they sure as shit would think twice before messing with Earth again!


The Earthian victory celebration, however, was exceedingly short lived!
In less than a single blesm a thousand warships from a hundred different star systems were pummelling every corner of the Earth with the collective destructive prowess that had for twenty-seven millenia, decimated the universe! The tiny blue planet must be made to pay for its wanton aggression against peaceable starvessels, it was reasoned
But there were other, more temperate members of the Federated Brotherhood of Planets, who termed Earth's "chastisement" a savage act of barbarism!
They, in turn, retaliated against the retaliators! And in less time than it took to fill the semenal tanks of an androidinal receptacle . . . the second great Intergalactic Apocalyptical War was under way!

JAILBREAK...

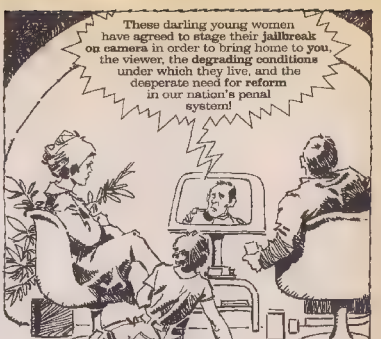


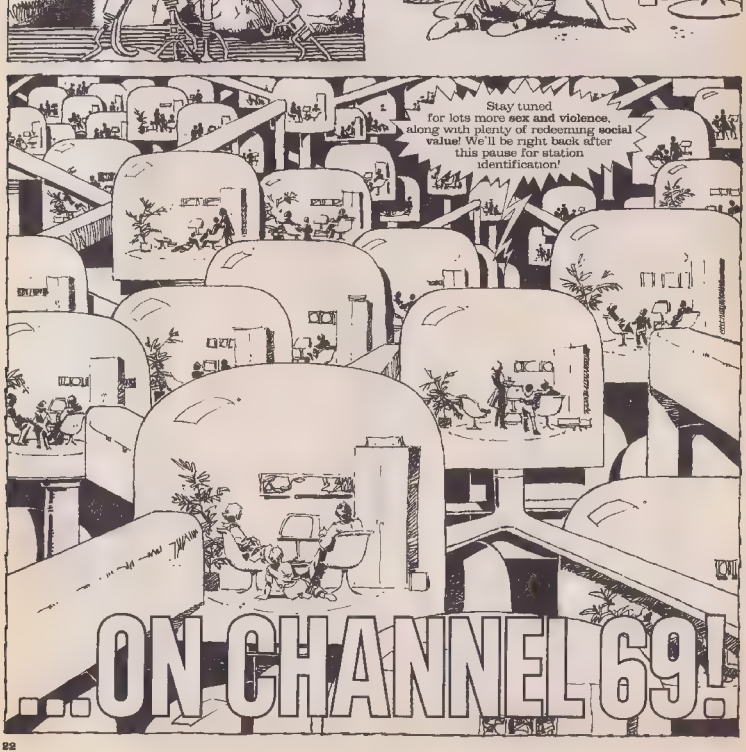




Author: BOB TOOMEY Illustrator: JOSE GONZALEZ


Ladies and gentlemen I'd like to remind you that this **telecast** is being brought to you **live** . . . as it happens!


These darling young women have **agreed** to stage their **jailbreak on camera** in order to bring home to **you**, the viewer, the **degrading conditions** under which they live, and the desperate need **for reform** in our nation's penal system!

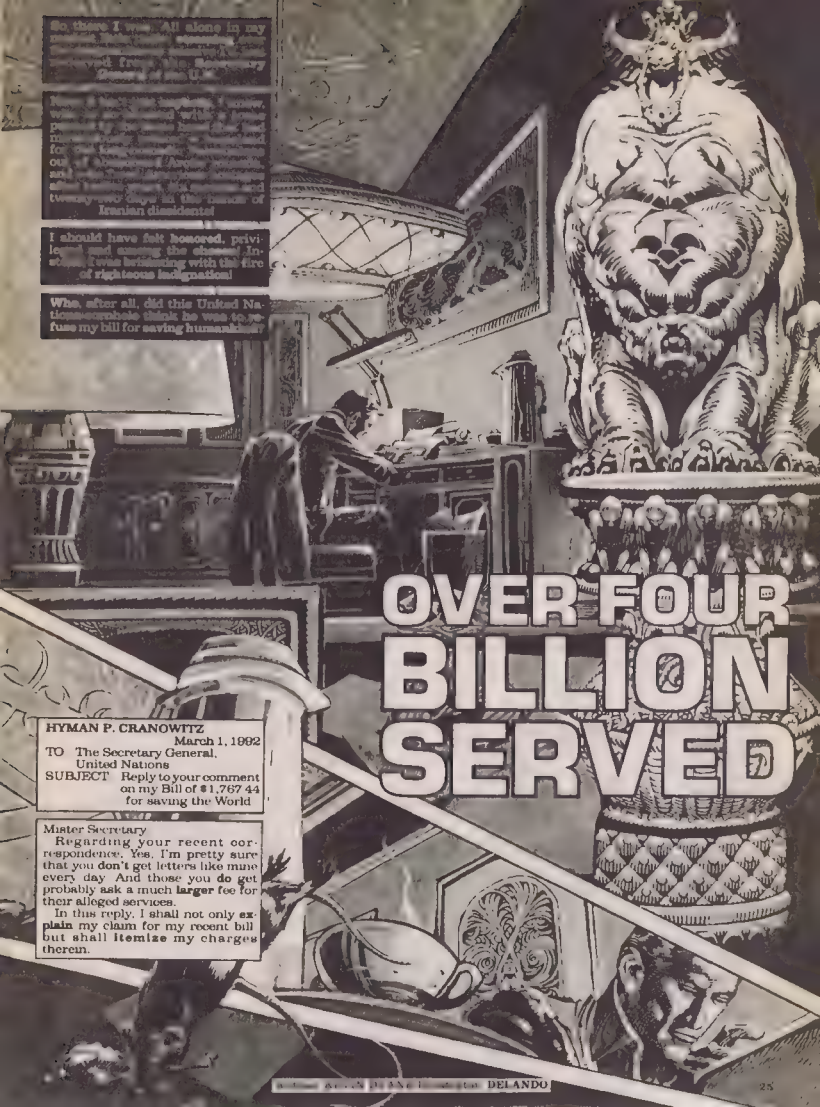

Stay tuned for lots more **sex and violence**, along with plenty of redeeming **social value**! We'll be right back after this pause for station identification!
...ON CHANNEL 69!


Get ready, girls ! They'll be sending little **Dickie Studsman** along in a minute. You all know what to do when he gets here
Hi, sugar, what's shakin'? You got the itch t'night?
Does a duck shit through feathers?
The thing I like about you, baby, is you got a lotta class!
Don't I just!
You keep playin' your cards right and I'll have you **out** of here before you know it!
I got **pull** with th' **warden** y'know!
The only **pull** you've got is between you legs spurtbag
Gaaaaa!
Nice job, Honey We're on our way to freedom and a **number one** in the ratings for **sure!**


Jillie . . . look! The camera crew. . . ! They're packing it in! They're . . . they're leaving!
Hey. . . ! Wait a minute! Where're you going with those cameras? We're right in the middle of our great escape!
Sorry, love. Network orders. They're re-calling us!
They they can't do that. We've got a contract with them!

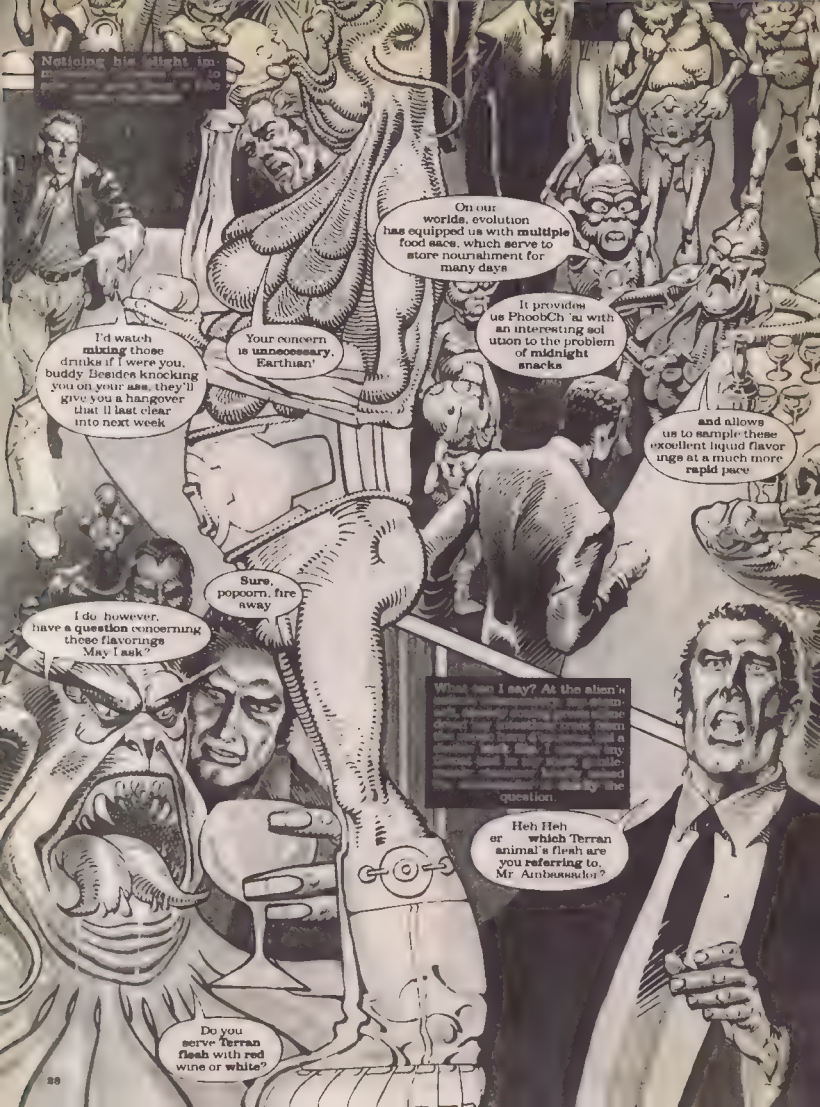

What s wrong, network central? Why have you instructed your crew to stop filming?
Bad news, Jillie. Our instant ratings service reports a massive drop in viewers. Everyone's switching over to the S and M Follies on channel 19 You've been canceled.

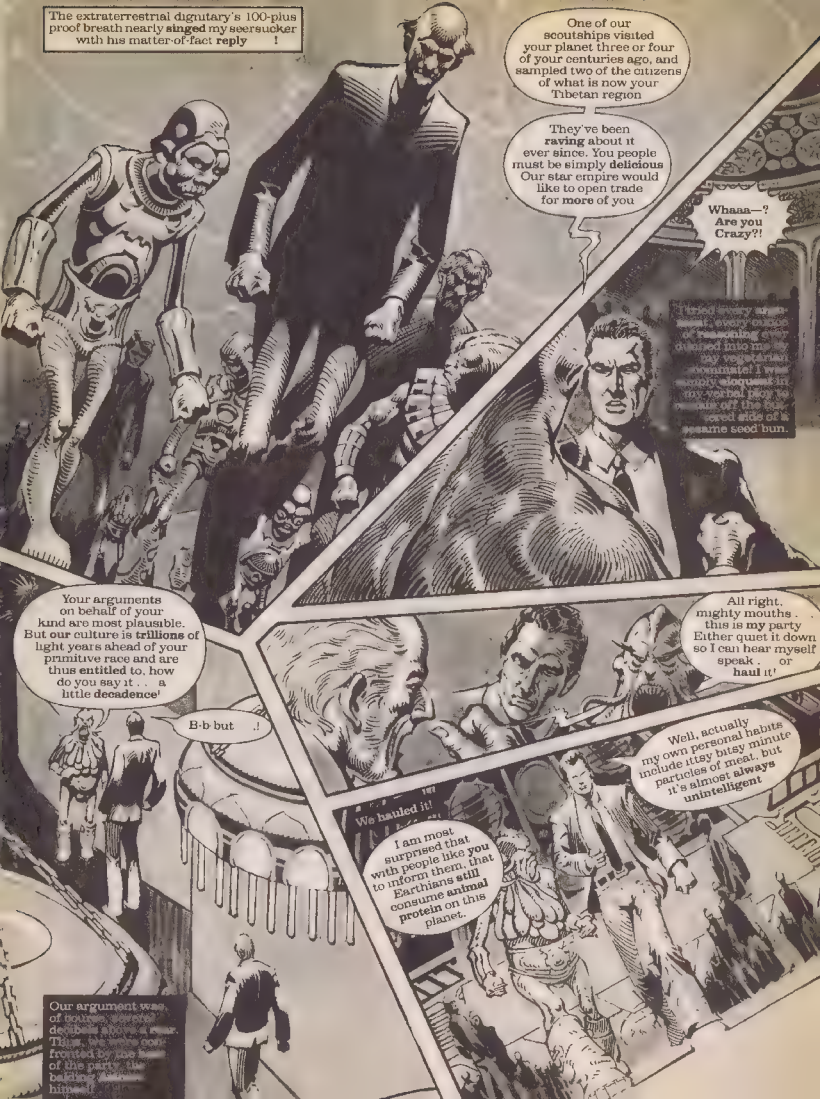

God damn it, network central. . . ! You guaranteed us a forty percent share of the audience!
We're right in the middle of our big break. What the fuck are we supposed to do now?
Sorry, Jillie, it's not our problem anymore. Our attorneys will be in touch. Oh, and don't forget to let us know how things work out!
So much for jailbreaks. What's up next?
We've got Newark standing by with a riot the viewers'll love! Rape and pillage and pseudo-psychological social value How can it miss?


So there I was. All alone in my
I could feel the [illegible] my
Suddenly, I knew what I must do.
I should have felt honored, privileged and [illegible] chosen. Instead, I was [illegible] with the fire of righteous indignation!
What, after all, did this United Nations secretariat think he was to refuse my bill for saving humankind?
OVER FOUR BILLION SERVED
HYMAN P. CRANOWITZ
March 1, 1992
TO The Secretary General, United Nations
SUBJECT Reply to your comment on my Bill of $1,767 44 for saving the World
Mister Secretary
Regarding your recent correspondence. Yes, I'm pretty sure that you don't get letters like mine every day And those you do get probably ask a much larger fee for their alleged services.
In this reply, I shall not only explain my claim for my recent bill but shall itemize my charges therein.
DELANDO


You'll recall, of cours
at first. We didn't
things quieted down
THE ASS
Now, it was just sheer dumb luck that

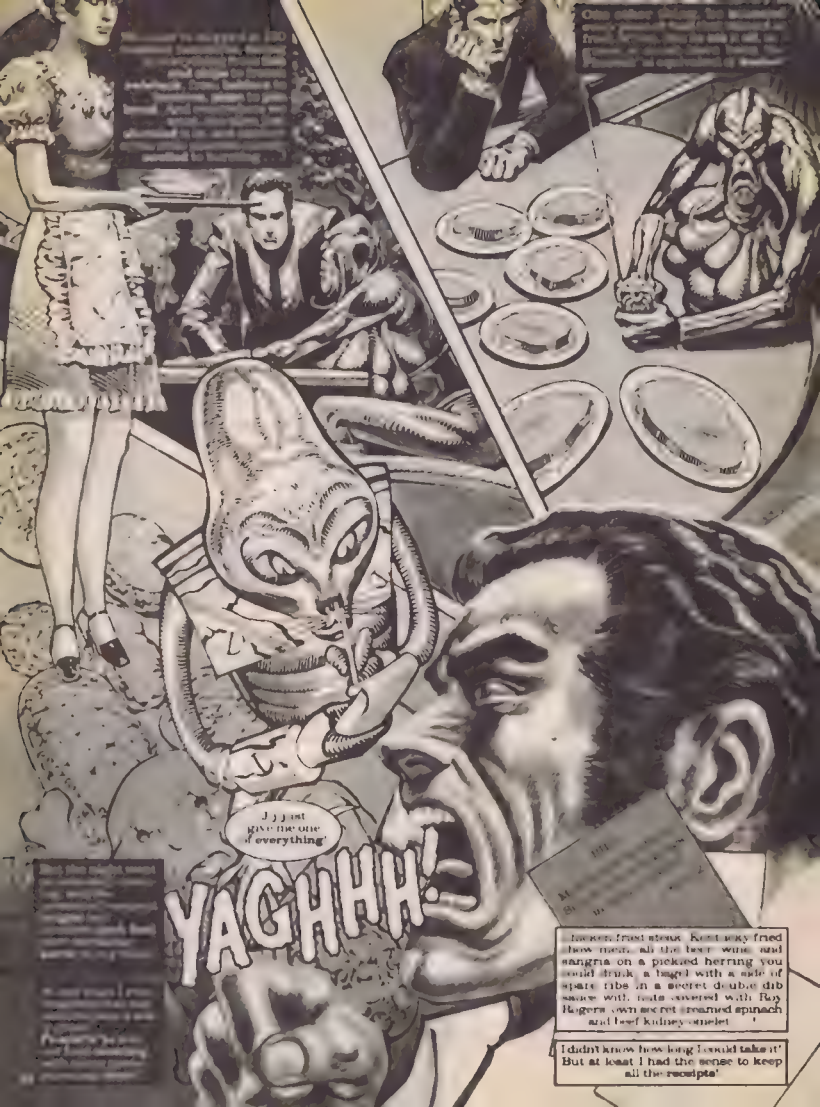

and [illegible] were error in the secretarial pool. I encouraged to get an invitation to the feast.
DNASEUM PUBLISHING
Mr. Chairwoman
DNASEUM PUBLISHING
Chair
Within five minutes after [illegible] arrived
other

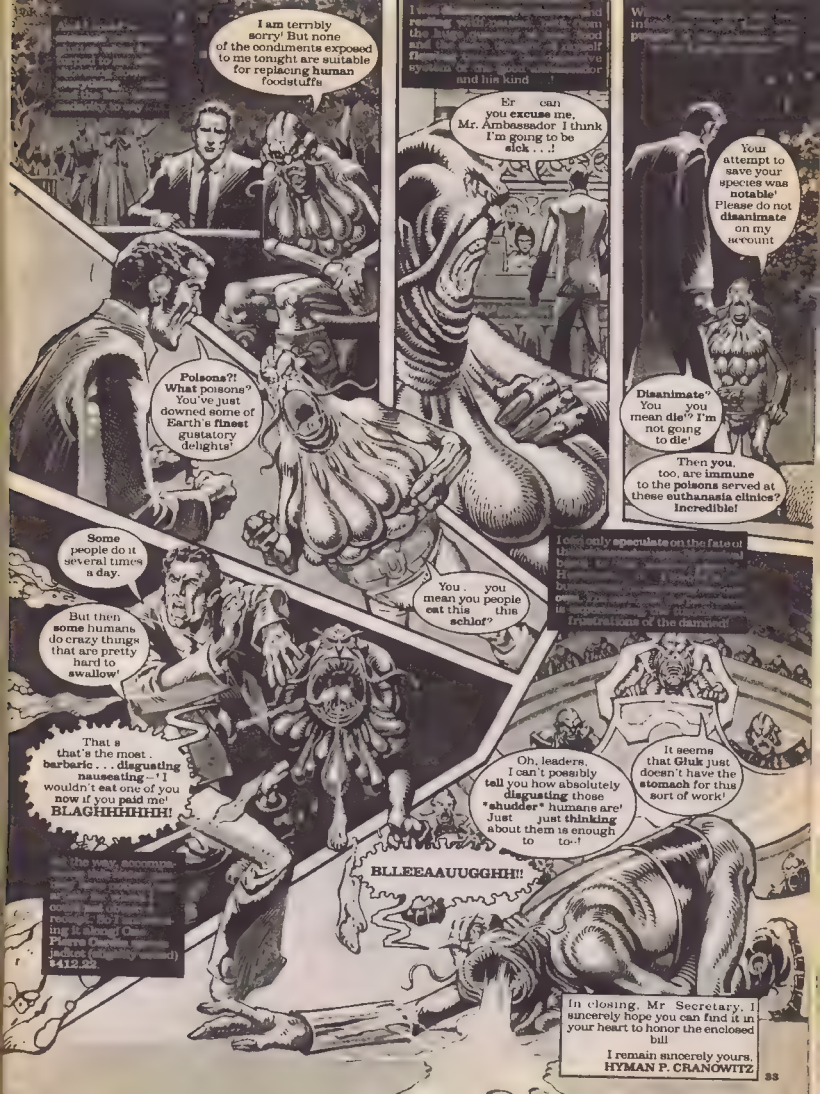

Noticing his slight im-
I'd watch mixing those drinks if I were you, buddy. Besides knocking you on your ass, they'll give you a hangover that ll last clear into next week
Your concern is unnecessary, Earthian'
On our worlds, evolution has equipped us with multiple food sacs, which serve to store nourishment for many days
It provides us PhoobCh 'ai with an interesting sol ution to the problem of midnight snacks
and allows us to sample these excellent liquid flavor inngs at a much more rapid pace
Sure, popcorn, fire away
I do, however, have a question concerning these flavorings May I ask?
What can I say? At the alien's
question.
Heh Heh er which Terran animal's flesh are you referring to, Mr Ambassador?
Do you serve Terran flesh with red wine or white?


The extraterrestrial dignitary's 100-plus proof breath nearly singed my seersucker with his matter-of-fact reply !
One of our scoutships visited your planet three or four of your centuries ago, and sampled two of the citizens of what is now your Tibetan region
They've been raving about it ever since. You people must be simply delicious Our star empire would like to open trade for more of you
Whaaa—? Are you Crazy?!
I tried every argument, every excuse I could assemble, even delved into my old vegetarian roommate! I was simply dogmeat in my verbal jaw to wrestle off the table, saved side of a sesame seed bun.
Your arguments on behalf of your kind are most plausible. But our culture is trillions of light years ahead of your primitive race and are thus entitled to. how do you say it . . a little decadence!
B-b-but . !
All right, mighty mouths . this is my party Either quiet it down so I can hear myself speak . or haul it!
We hauled it!
I am most surprised that to inform them, that Earthians still consume animal protein on this planet.
Well, actually my own personal habits include ittsy bitsy minute particles of meat, but it's almost always unintelligent
Our argument was, of course, scarcely decibels above a roar. Thus, we were confronted by the head of the party, the helpless creature himself


Really? You should try it some time. A good ingestion of intellectual protein does wonders for the complexion!
Er. . .listen! Have you thought of exporting some alternate type of food? This here is a great little place for avid culinary epicures such as yourself
C'mon let me show you!
BEIN—HAHN RESTAURANT
his damn cleaver!
Apparently, they don't use utensils
Assassins! Protect yourself, my friend
Tellibly solly to inconvenience honelable customers this way ' But if honolable customers evel leturns to humble one's estabishment, agaun humble one will lip off you faces!
The preceding of course explains the following items on my bill to you
Hospital care for Chef (concussion) $144.86
Damage to restaurant $ 94.00
Bill for dinner (uneaten) $ 45.65


I was sure of it
ICE CREAM
PIZZA
To where have you brought me **now**, Earthian? One of your many mindless Terran amusement centers?
Oh, it's **far** better than **that**, Gluk! This is where we Earthen sow go to amuse our **stomachs** . . . !
C'mon! I'll **show** you!
May I take your **order**, sir!
Gimme one Baron Burger, plain and a ham and cheese prince, with every thing to go
Hokay, honey . . . one barren baron and a crowned prince on hoofs . comin' atcha!
PIZZA
HAMBURGER
Originally, I had no intention of p
a b
o
do to **repay** my valor.


I-I just give me one of everything
YAGHHH!
lowest, finest steaks. Kegs of soy-fried chow mein, all the beer, wine, and sangria on a pickled herring you could drink, a bagel with a side of spare ribs in a secret double dib sauce with nuts covered with Roy Rogers own secret steamed spinach and beef kidney omelet.
I didn't know how long I could take it! But at least I had the sense to keep all the receipts!


I am terribly sorry! But none of the condiments exposed to me tonight are suitable for replacing human foodstuffs
Er can you excuse me, Mr. Ambassador I think I'm going to be sick . . .!
and his kind
You attempt to save your species was notable! Please do not disanimate on my account
Poisons?! What poisons? You've just downed some of Earth's finest gustatory delights!
Disanimate? You you mean die? I'm not going to die!
Then you, too, are immune to the poisons served at these euthanasia clinics? Incredible!
Some people do it several times a day.
You . . you mean you people eat this this schlof?
But then some humans do crazy things that are pretty hard to swallow!
Frustrations of the damned!
That s that's the most . . barbaric . . . disgusting nauseating - ! I wouldn't eat one of you now if you paid me! BLAGHHHHHH!
Oh, leaders, I can't possibly tell you how absolutely disgusting those "shudder" humans are! Just just thinking about them is enough to to-!
It seems that Gluk just doesn't have the stomach for this sort of work!
BLLEEAAUUGGHH!!
In closing, Mr Secretary, I sincerely hope you can find it in your heart to honor the enclosed bill
I remain sincerely yours, HYMAN P. CRANOWITZ

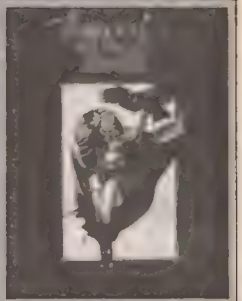
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Author WILL RICHARDSON Illustrator: RUDY NEBRES


Suddenly through pain as thick as boiling blood the girl sees movement behind the alien!
With an ear-splitting scream... the blur is instantly upon the creature...
again and again... plunging into the beast's red scaly back!
...and the blur
transforms itself into a
The alien howls in agony, rearing upwards and backwards...
Yet, as her head begins to clear, Steamer realises that the
toward her would-be rescuer!


Still weak, every movement a labor of pain wrenching agony
Steamer watches in utter awe, as the gallant figure struggles under the killer heat ray...
..and with a super-human effort..
AROOOOOOOO!
...lunges for the molten firebeast...
S-Snuffy.....!
Until the creature rears in writhing agony...

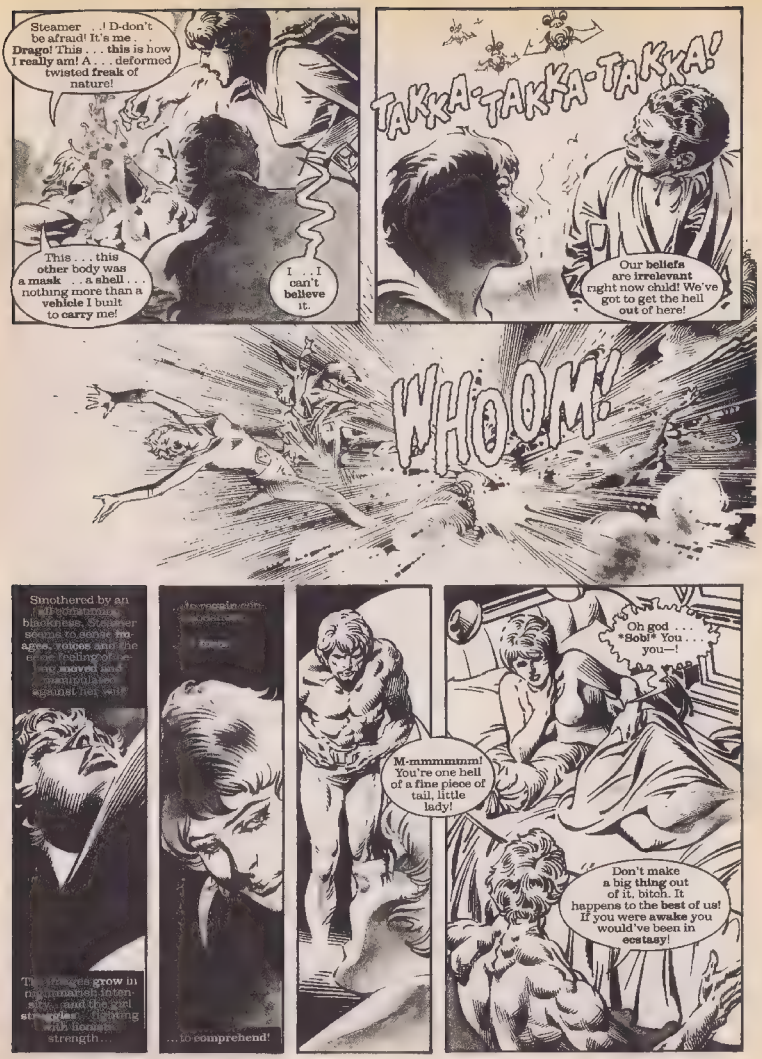

Snuffy... th-the man ... he's under that thing...!
He's being crushed!
No, child look!
He's alive!
You ... you were wonderful! You saved our lives!
You okay, son? That was the damndest display of heroics I've ever seen!
Drago... fine! Drago used to lavabeast's fire ray!
Well, Drago greenhorns like Steamer and I aren't used to it! We'd be smoldering alien dogshit now if you hadn't come along!
Drago glad to help. Is good to see real people for change
Don't tell us you live on this asteroid all by yourself!?
Is not bad place once you get used to lavabeasts!
Drago here for long time now! Hm crash on big beast eggs just like you!
Come. Drago's ship not flying any more. But it make good home!


The tangle tongued giant leads the castaways to his makeshift abode where Dr Thaddeus Snuffleswith takes an acute interest in the brawny man's history '
Sometimes Drago feel deep pains from being alone.
But is better to be here than on world with people who laugh at Drago!
Suddenly Steamer, who has been conspicuously absent for far too long, makes a dramatic reappearance!
And what, may I ask, are you two conspiring about?
Hot damn! Will you look at that! That girl's been rumaging through your dainty underthings!
It's better than that two-piece hooker suit you had me running around in, Snuffy!
Drago forget about those. They belong to Alysia, girl Drago almost marry!
Oh Drago I'm sorry I didn't mean to bring back unpleasant memories
Is all right She turn out like all the rest. She laugh at Drago make him feel dumb and ugly!
Oh, Drago, No
How could anyone be so heartless to someone as sensitive and giving as you
You . you not know real Drago '


Before Drago can explain his cryptic remark the walls of the ravaged hulk explode with cacophonic fury!
WAAM!
D-Drago W-what is it?
Ships come! Attack! Drago not understand!
Oh no! I understand Drago! Those are pirate fighters! The same ones that assaulted our ship and chased us to this asteroid!
They they've come to find us!
Is they who better pray! Drago mad!
They not hurt you so long as Drago alive! Drago kill!
These are star fighters out there fi-ti! You don't have a prayer against them!
POKKA-POKKA!
Oh shit! We re-in it now!


The ion powered star fighters sizzle the sky like super charged lightning, strafing the devastated ship with deadly bursts of laser powered death!
The walls, the
violence!
WHOO!
THAKKA-THAKKA!
Good goin'! You got one!
ing fighters!
WHAM!
TAKA-TAKKA!
POP!
Drago!
His ancient blaster barks like an angry bulldog, refusing to be silenced until every last invader is repelled!
And yet, a good weapon and an inbuilt sense of intestinal fortitude are not always enough to win a war.
The ground beneath the giant erupts like an angry volcano!
WHAM!


POW! TDOW! THOW!
You bastard! You son of a bitch! You bloody mother-reaming butcher!
Lookout, child
I'll have your ass for this!
they're coming in for more!
TAK! THAK! TAK!
Again the relentless star fighters strafe the battered wreckage There is the sickening stench of laser bursts burning raw human flesh The giant's unconscious body is riddled mercilessly by the bloodthirsty star-pirates!
NOOOOO!
So horrified is she at the mere sight of the smoldering wounds that the girl fails to notice movement and a grotesque swelling just beneath the stilled man s chest!
Oh, Snuffy! Oh god, Snuffy Drago . h-he's.. dead!
God in heaven!
Suddenly the lifeless giant's skin bursts open and a horrible, grotesque creature claws its way out of the immobile chest cavity!


Steamer . . .! D-don't be afraid! It's me . Drago! This . . . this is how I really am! A . . . deformed twisted freak of nature!
I . . . I can't believe it.
This . . . this other body was a mask . . . a shell . . . nothing more than a vehicle I built to carry me!
TAKKA-TAKKA-TAKKA!
Our beliefs are irrelevant right now child! We've got to get the hell out of here!
WHOOM!
Smothered by an all-consuming blackness, Streamer seems to derive images, voices and the eerie feeling of being moved and manipulated against her will
...to comprehend!
M-mmmmmm! You're one hell of a fine piece of tail, little lady!
Oh god . . . *Sob!* You . . . you—!
Don't make a big thing out of it, bitch. It happens to the best of us! If you were awake you would've been in ecstasy!

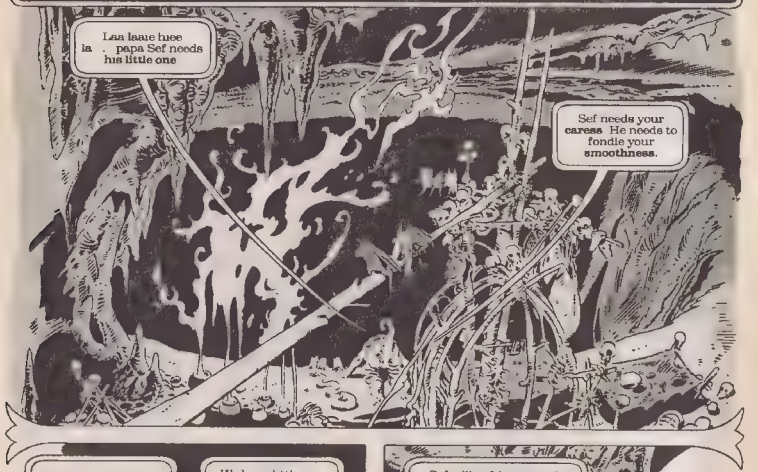

You pig! You think you can take whatever you want!
Now that's what I like! Self righteous indignation! Awake ten seconds and already expressing more concern for your drippy fishbox than for your fallen comrades!
Snuffy! W-what have you done to him!
But we look out for one another! Brotherhood! Camaraderie! One for all, and all for one!
Now take us freebooters Star-pirates you call us! Cut-throats! Rapists! Thieves!
Anybody want a slightly used piece of ass?
Get away with that shit! I had 'er last night!
Stickin' her's like goin' down on a rock!
You heard 'em, love! They've no more use for you!
That leaves me but one option.
that grand old pirate tradition . . .
. . of walking the plank of doom!
Starfire S... continues next issue.

Ghita of Alizarr

· BY FRANK THORNE ·

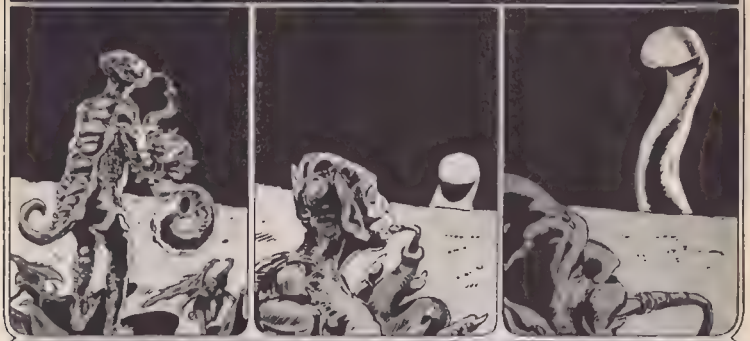
Ghita, having trained a small force of crudely armed subtrolls in the mountain caves north of Alizarr, planned to [illegible] Thereby [illegible] and thereby [illegible] and [illegible] priest and prophet of a subterranean creature-God — the one true God of the halftrolls!

Sef, the monkish halftroll, speaks to the creature deep within the mountain.





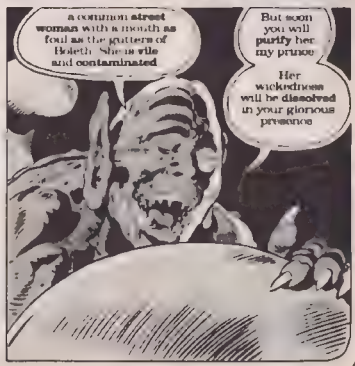
The gauntlet priest monstrous lips and gently blows through the bone reeds of the serpent horn. A haunting pro gression of musical tones stabs into the blackness of the pit. And soon, an exotic ledge appears at the brink of the

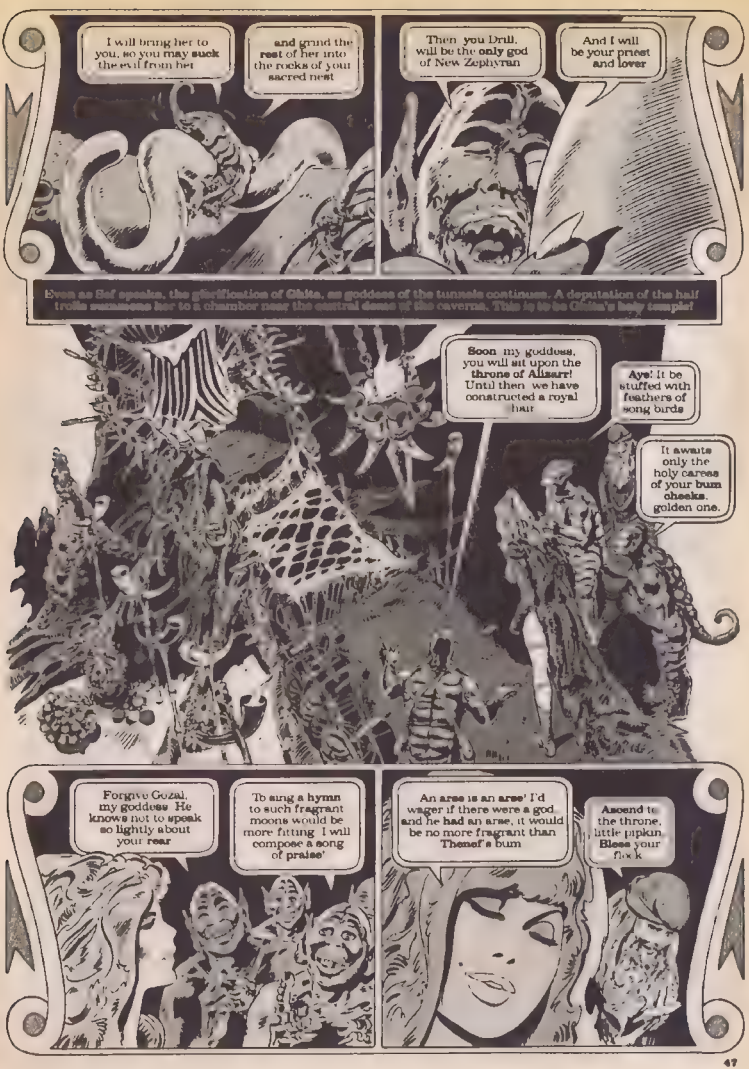


The sleek, serpentine form hovers in the half-light at the crater's edge. The silvery tentacle pauses, then plops onto the ledge before the halftroll








I will bring her to you, so you may suck the evil from her
and grind the rest of her into the rocks of your sacred nest
Then you Drill, will be the only god of New Zephyran
And I will be your priest and lover
Even as Sef speaks, the glorification of Ghita, as goddess of the tunnels continues. A deputation of the half trolls summons her to a chamber near the central dome of the caverns. This is to be Ghita's holy temple!
Soon my goddess, you will sit upon the throne of Alisarr! Until then we have constructed a royal chair
Aye! It be stuffed with feathers of song birds
It awaits only the holy caress of your bum cheeks, golden one.
Forgive Gozal, my goddess He knows not to speak so lightly about your rear
To sing a hymn to such fragrant moons would be more fitting I will compose a song of praise'
An arse is an arse' I'd wager if there were a god, and he had an arse, it would be no more fragrant than Themef's bum
Ascend to the throne, little pipkin Bless your fuck


The most goddess would have me grimaced
Hurry!
Say! Haven't we met before? Yes, I was Allesare! I was Themeffil, old trusty, valiant and warriard
Do a trick for me! Make athletes of every nation in this hangar
Mighty warrior, my wonderful flower
This Hagarene armour! The sharp-tier piece weighs a ton, stinks and rubs off on skin
The sleeve and engarge with
The gloat of pinches
And the germans I won't at most of warm pee
Sword it's a little crystal! Otombo
It hell with Kenan Hagen and the of Nazzari! Let's finish the flask and raise old Heal in the hangar
Spoken like a true ex goddess
Ea goddess! I'll drink to that! Count Ghuta
Do not of dead gods as long as the trick lasts here in Nergo
Countess worshippers trembled at the mere mention of their names
Here's to the last of them! We'll drink to you for that
To Tatsumitlee and my friend Ashtareth
Ha... eat... Fishna!
To Nebo
To Sa-sab-ath
To Zebek the
Nibizzen, Ler Nizzu and Ninnaxu


We haven't guzzled this much since we stole the golden spittoon from queen Sabeth's boudoir at the Urdian palace
She was fat as a pikeman and a dunce I played her king many a time ... even on the throne itself
Tumbuctuping on a royal seat! How could I have missed such majesty ... intrigue? Alas, the curse of my common birth
What's fit for the crown is fit for an old comrade!
We've used to sneaking into my temple room for the fun
Quietly! You'll waken my flock. You're farting like a Rumpot
It be my jungs clunking together in anticipation!
The doors are secured. We've as much privacy as the old sticky lot in Sobek's deep dungeons
Long live Ninnazu wench! Pretend that I am the sovereign of Urd!
you resemble a wizard of my acquaintance. He's always pretending something. Now he supposes he's a masked king!
Mine's the less subarnt fool with a goulet made for

Thenef visited Ghita often during her stay in the brothels of Alizarr. She would boast of her earnings. "A bouquet [illegible] the most wicked creature Ghita. [illegible] hatred while fanning her unfathomable desires!







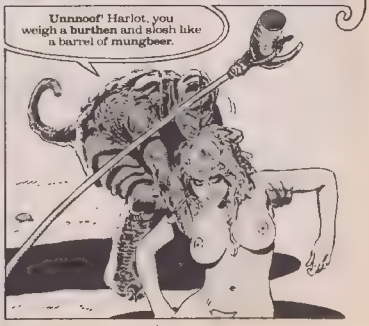
Sodden rapture. Blackout. The final sigh of the drunken celebration of antique gods echoes no more in the templeroom of the goddess Ghita.



The cool silence is broken by the sound of a calcite slab being urged away from the wall of the chamber.



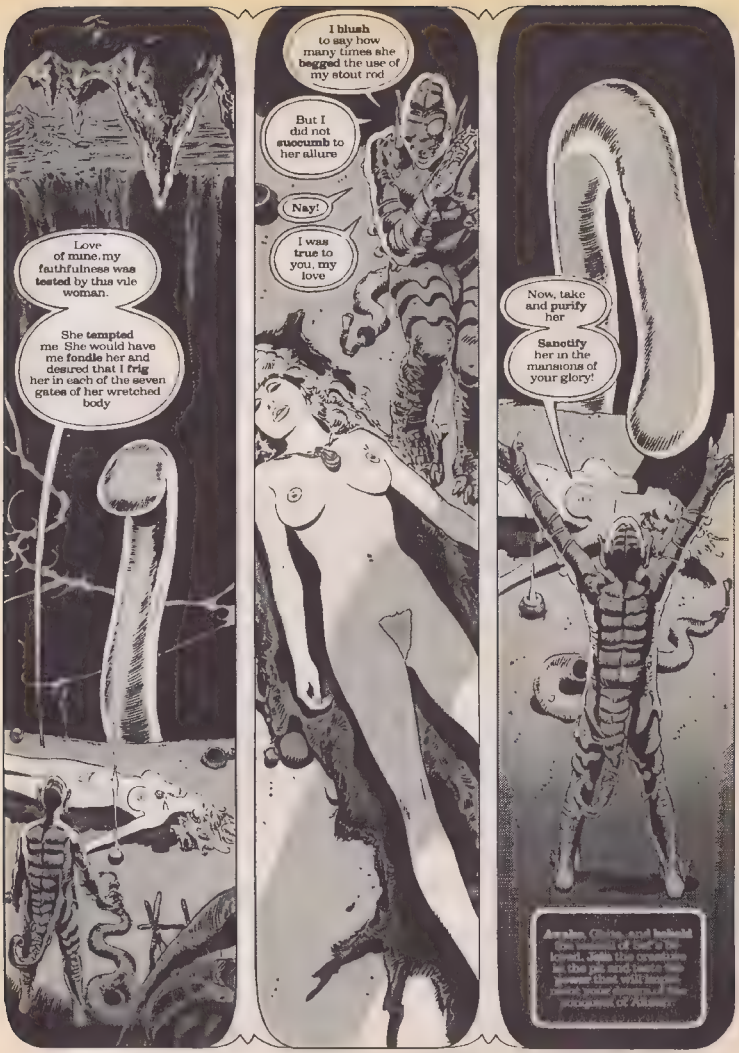
Sef scuttles toward the crumpled throne and the unconscious forms of the warrior maid and the wizard.




Ho! Your bottom snorts an ode to your merriment
Ye be fermenting like a hogshead of harvest wine
Your bum will be chattering all the way to the pit!
Do not be so foolish as to tempt me with your luring wiles
I know well the ways of harlotry
I have human blood in my veins
I have but one true love in the abyss
Drill, my adored one
my smooth beloved of the shadows
I will huffa huffa ...
be true to o-only...!
I must huffff huffa, be the harlot must weigh twenty stone!
My adored one
Must, huff huffa, be true to .
Harlot's!
Hufff huffa!
Bosom!


Be still, harlot! I will not fondle and nuzzle and pet and stroke your full and shiny breasts!
Silence! I refuse to cover those alabaster spheres with caresses
Absolutely not!
I am true only to my love
No matter how much you bid me, I will not explore that warm, sweet moist cleaved fur patch, neath your smooth, pink belly
Huff heff uff huff!
Huff Huff!
Never!
Do not insist! Nay I refuse
I will not ride twixt your savory thighs and send you to the climax of passion
over and over and over
and over and over
and over
A terrible thing, grey wizard. The throne of the god less is easily abouttuse if trampled by a giant bog sloth!
And you are naked as an eel!





Ghita continues in the next exciting issue of 1994

baby makes three!



Author: KEVIN DUANE/Illustrator: ABEL LAXAMANA

Had Adams gotten access to a **telescope**, he could've beaten **Urbain LeVerrier** to the discovery of **Neptune**! In fact, his math and LeVerrier's differed by less than one degree.

Nonetheless, it was a triumph which linked **math** to **astronomy** proving the two in**separable**.

But still, [illegible] something wrong.

Another perturbation! And this time, there would be dozens of men searching the skies for "Planet X."

But none of them would be as well remembered as **Percival Lowell**. When the "Martian canals" or **canals** were discovered, Lowell built a private **observatory** to study them and search for planet.

It wasn't until fifteen years after Lowell had **died**, and over 20,000 false leads that a speck which could only have been the long **lost world** was discovered.

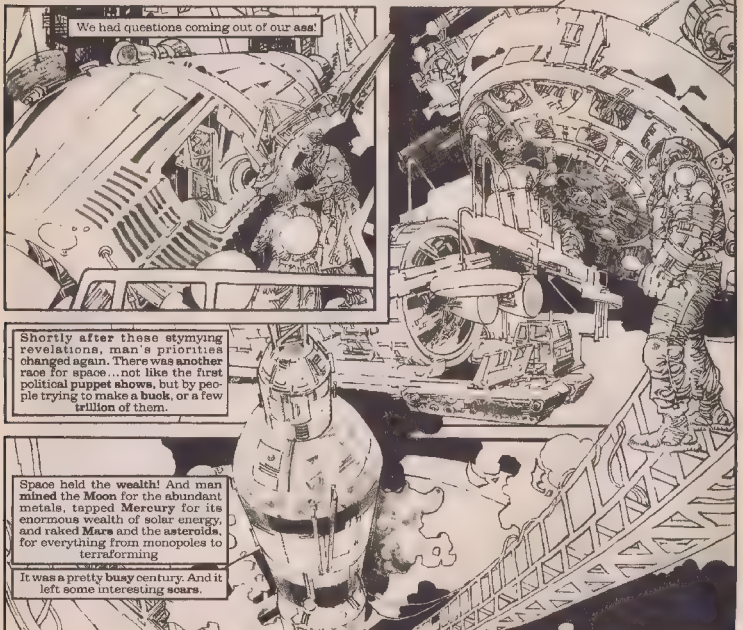
They called the planet **Pluto**, after the god of the underworld. They couldn't have picked a **better** name!

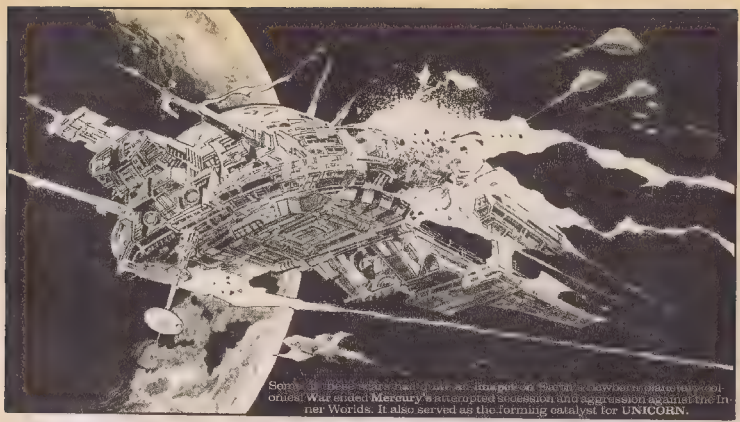
It was a **mysterious** world. To make it **massive** enough to account for **Neptune's** perturbations, it need to be **six times** heavier than the **Earth**.

But when it passed near a star, the change in light proved it to be only **half** the diameter of Earth. So there were even **more** unanswered questions!



Pluto, and it's moon, Charon, combined, were only 1/500 the mass of the Earth! There was nowhere near enough mass to account for the reroutes of the other celestial bodies.

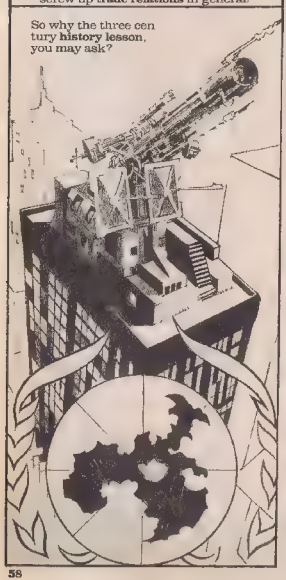




Some of these were built as inspired by Earth's dawdling planetary colonies. War ended Mercury's attempted secession and aggression against the Inner Worlds. It also served as the forming catalyst for UNICORN.

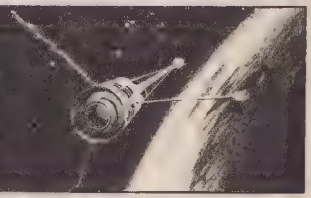
The United Nations Interplanet Criminal Observation, Research, and Nullification bureau managed to keep a shaky peace, prevent development of new weaponry, and screw up trade relations in general!

So why the three century history lesson, you may ask?



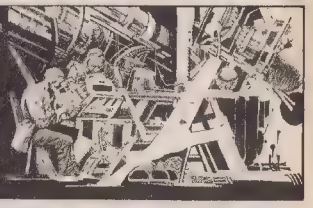
Because Pioneer 10 came home.

Pioneer 10 was the first interstellar probe, hurled out of the solar system at a whopping ten kilometers a second. With luck, it might even have reached our nearest celestial neighbor in a few hundred thousand years.



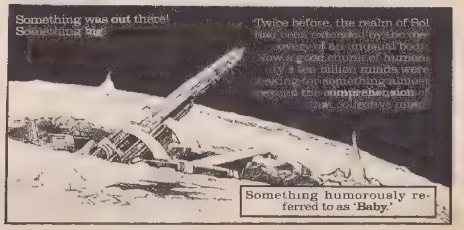
Instead, it made a complete U-turn and burned its way back home at several thousand kilometers per second.

But since it can't just make a U-turn . . . or zero its momentum in a vacuum. It gained momentum that's faster than light speed!



Something was out there! Something big!

Twice before, the realm of Sol had been tested by visitors of extraterrestrial origin. Now a self-centered race of humanity's ten billion minds were looking for something almost beyond the comprehension of that collective mind.



Something humorously referred to as 'Baby.'


There was almost **total war** as each planet rushed out to **claim** the newfound oddity
But we **all** took second place
A young comet miner named **George Peterson** managed to get a hold of the records of Pioneer's trajectory before they were classified, and, being several billion kilometers **closer** than all the planets, became the first man to actually **see** Baby
He also had the dubious honor of being the first human to travel **faster** than the speed of **light** when he was caught in Baby's gravitational pull and **hurled** back through the **solar** system like a run away cosmic fireball!
Holy shit! Up in the **sky** What **is** it?
Whatever it was is halfway to the edge of **creation** by now! I've never **seen** anything move that **fast!**
again!

Somehow or other, an offical **UNICORN** scoutship got to Baby not long after George Peterson was sent on his way to the ends of creation.

Fortunately, it had the good sense to stay a trifle further away from the anomaly than **George** did.

Word was that Baby was going to be **cordoned off** and, with luck, **forgotten** about in a few years...or so it was **hoped.**

The scientists however, hoped **otherwise**, and let UNICORN **know** it!

There were just so **many** things you could do with Baby, they argued. And even **world governments** couldn't stop **science**!

So there it **was**! Things were going pretty **smoothly** out at the edge of the system! **UNICORN** agents mingled with the scientific community just to keep a safe bureaucratic **balance**!

All was **well**, that is, until a few **months** ago! That's when two UNICORN agents mysteriously **died** and a third was reported **missing**, which is almost as **good** as dead in space. This left Baby on its **own**, and it left UNICORN chief Lamont Cranston thoroughly **pissed**.

Cranston wanted to jet out to Baby on the fastest ship! But pushing hard at a hundred years, his doctors wouldn't **clear** him for the stress.

That's when they drafted a **substitute**!

Me!

One **moment**, Colonel Turner **Please**!

Oh **fuck**! What **now**!

Please **follow** us, sir. We have an all terrain bus **waiting** for you!

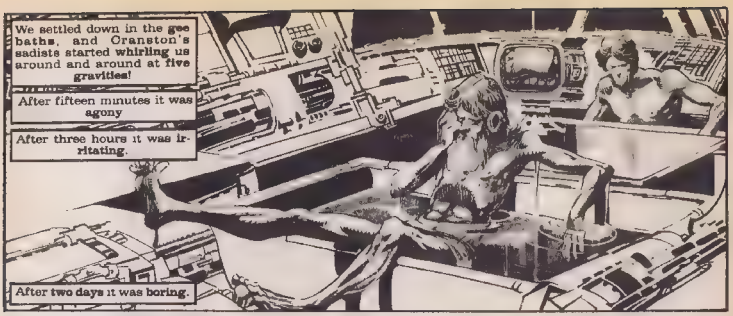

It's been seventeen weeks hunting down a computer fraud at the Venus terraforming station. Two months longer than I was expecting to be on Cranston's shit.
Can't you guys leave me alone? Cranston promised me some time off after the Venus thing!
Sorry, Colonel! Chief Cranston says this is an emergency!
WOOOSH!
Where are you guys taking me, anyway?
And good god! What in the hell is that!?
Those are fuel tanks, sir! We've been launching 'em for three days now.
You're launching fuel tanks into space? Why?
You'll understand soon enough, sir. I just thought you'd like to see Delta in action!

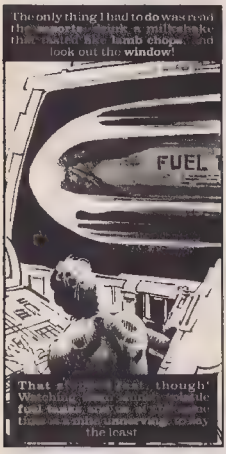

It takes a bit of imagination to com-
prehend the Delta V-80 Mass Driver-
Especially when you're caught up next to it.
The United Lunar States spent three decades setting it up . . . boring through mountains, ferrying across gullies, spanning the entire circumference of the moon like a great big man-made ring! And its only purpose is to act as a monstrous slingshot . . . hurtling satellites, rockets, probes and all sorts of space paraphernalia deep into the solar system!
Ships headed for the gas giants have circled inside the Mass Driver for days . . . picking up speed like subatomic particles in a cyclotron!
Probes bound for the outer stars have burst from the cannon at nearly a third the speed of light. Yet, those launched from Baby have made them all look like they were standing still!
The loonies don't think too highly of Baby as far as Delta is concerned. The great big anomaly makes their little toy look primitive, outmoded, and outclassed!

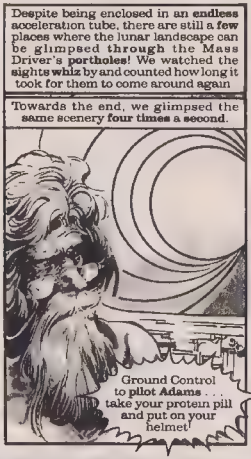

And that despite the fact that Delta can hurl a fuel tank eleven thousand kilometers in just under four seconds.
Yeah! It takes quite a bit of imagination to comprehend the Delta Queen . . .! But a bit more to visualize Baby!
Your orders are waiting for you inside, Colonel.
Orders . . .? Now wait a damn minute! My vacation—!
Sorry, sir!
Shit!
Right this way, Colonel Turner. I'm to brief you on your new assignment!
Listen, Major . . . you tell that stereoraceous old turd that when I see him I'm going to personally put my boot up his hemroidic ass!
That may not be for some time, sir!
These orders indicate that you're to get out to Baby A.S.A.P.!
B-Baby!? Y-you don't mean . . . that . . . that thing . . . out there . . . beyond conceivable creation!?
That's the one sir!
I'm gonna kill 'im! I'm gonna rip his scummy heart out! Cranston you're a dead man!
Your ship is waiting, sir. You're to leave immediately!
Now wait a goddamn minute, Major. I'm not going anywhere unless I know why!
Look, Colonel . . . I'm just a shit-faced clerk who the old man doesn't even know exists. How am I supposed to know why he wants you the fuck out of the solar system?
I assume you'll have orders waiting for you when you get there!


There I was, fuming at the core as I made my way down the passenger ramp and into Delta's loading
Well Cranston and his cronies have gotten me here! There's not too much more they can do to me now!
I really didn't know what to expect as I yanked open the air lock door. But when that bubble-headed monster jumped out at me, I nearly creamed in my jeans!
Geeaaa! Holy shit W-what the hell are you?
Gosh . . . I didn't mean t'scare you that way, friend! You must be m'cargo! I was just comin' out to find out where y'were!
I. . . er . . . uh, I'
M'name's Kelly F. Carlo de Kelly, the baddest skyjocky the United Luna Air Force could getcha on such short notice!
You are Turner, ain'tcha? Calm down, m'man! I may be big an' ugly but I don't bite!


Finally, I was inside the ship.
Ain't much, is it? One room, two baths . . . it sure ain't the Ritz!
Listen, Kelly . what do you know about this mission?
'Bout th' same as you, boy. Zilch!
You do know that we've been ordered out there . . . to Baby!?
Sheesit, yeah! Which reminds me . . . it's a long trip! You got any extra cargo you want on board?
Cranston's bully boys took everything I had. Guess they didn't think I'd be needing it!
Just leave it t'me, boy! I'll get your shit together!
Here y'go, m'man. Everything you'll need for an extended stay at the Ritz!
Thanks! But , are you sure you're not getting yourself in trouble over this?
Sheesit, man, I'm a spacer! I got friends in high places.
Now take off your knickers and get into your gee-bath, boy! There 'bout t'start up the damnedest merry-go-round you've ever seen!


We settled down in the gee baths, and Cranston's sadists started whirling us around and around at five gravities!
After fifteen minutes it was agony
After three hours it was irritating.
After two days it was boring.


The only thing I had to do was read the sports results, drink a milkshake that tasted like lamb chops, and look out the window!
FUEL


Despite being enclosed in an endless acceleration tube, there are still a few places where the lunar landscape can be glimpsed through the Mass Driver's portholes! We watched the sights whiz by and counted how long it took for them to come around again
Towards the end, we glimpsed the same scenery four times a second.
Ground Control to pilot Adams . . . take your protein pill and put on your helmet!


Finally, after a
look quickly!


YEEEEHAAH!!

I can't say it was the most **comfortable** launch I've ever experienced . . . whirling around in the mass director a solid week, just picking up enough momentum to turn us over at the end of it!

Then, under way, the more deadly decoys! After half a day, we crossed the orbit of Saturn, and seeing as how the engine was taken about four months we weren't doing badly at all.

Until you remembered, we'd only gone about **five percent** of our **total** distance!

These **fuel tanks** I'd seen launched earlier were ours! Since we were traveling faster than they, it was Kelly's job to overtake and latch on them . . . we would refuel in space!

I left Kelly **alone** during the matchups and dockings. He explained that we had to thrust constantly to maintain momentum, delta-v reserves.

That meant refueling each tank as we came to it, while keeping up a steady thrust. There were no second chances on dockings. Miss one tank, and we would drift out to the stars, too slow to reach the next one, yet still too fast for anyone to even bother saving.

Y'know, if I didn't **know** better, boy, I'd say that **somebody** didn't **like** you.

Imagine! Sendin' a poor slob way th' hell out here!

After three days out, we passed the orbit of **Pluto**. Then we **knew** . . . there was nothing ahead but the comets, the stars, and **Baby**!

After two and a **half weeks**, we had shed nearly **all** of our built-up momentum, and were back into what **Kelly** called **"decent flyin' speed!"** We had nothing to do but watch the **Sun** fall away.

I had one extra preoccupation . . . watching Kelly.

At every chance during the next few weeks, I had the impression Kelly was trying to read my thoughts. He'd surreptitiously check the **coordinates** given him. Apparently he trusted me . . . whom I seen him give the **security** clearance.

But I didn't know his security clearance, and there had been that one little **slipup** at the launching . . . when the control people had called him **Adams**!

With three UNICORN agents **already** dead, I decided it would be best to answer any unanswered questions **then** and **there**!

I remembered my baggage. My **gun** was in **place** and fully charged.

Kelly?

What kin I **do** for ya, boy?

Just what do you know about **Baby**?

It's a **boy**! Three and a half kilos. Earth weight They called 'im **Leroy**!

What?

Sure! **Adams'** kid! His wife Celia was due any day when he pulled this assignment, and he **really** wanted to be with her.

If you don't **look** too hard, we don't **differ** by that many points . . . so I just—!

You took **his place**!

Oh, god! I'm **dead**! Cranston's gonna **skin** me for this!

Aww, **c'mon** man, it ain't **that** bad! You just gave me some oo-ords an' I just played **taxi** for ya. What can they possibly **do** to you when you're all the way out **here**? **Relax**! It's just a—!

Ever notice that when just **one** itsy-bitsy thing goes wrong, all **hell** seems to break loose!

Holy **shit**! **Get down**, boy, **quick**!

G get **away** from me, you crazy son of a bitch!

WHAM!

The ship rocked **wildly**! But all I could think was that Kelly was after my **ass**! **Literally**!

Can't you **feel** it? We're under **fire** boy!

Keep **down**! And for god's sake, get some **sun-shades** and keep your **eyes** covered.

Laser fire? Out **here**? There was only **one** place it could have **come** from! But . . . **NO**! They **wouldn't**!


Damn! We ain't got no missiles, no laserpacks, no weapons t'fight back with at all! You sure are unpopular, boy!
What're you doing?
But we got a chance, son . 'cause they's right behind us!
Warming up the fusion drive, of course! I'm gonna teach that bastard what is and is not an unarmed ship!
With the fusion drive?
Stick your head in front of one sometime, an' try t ignore it.
You idiot! What about the radio?
Soon as I get his position, I ll fry that bastard's ass!
Screw that! They shot first! It's my turn!
You just keep that laser beam off us, Kelly I m gonna try something
They knew we were coming so why would they open fire? There was only one possibility
Turner to Navigation Control! Deactivate laser thrusters immediately! Come in, dammit, Navigation Control! Come in!
Navigation Control to Turner Terribly sorry, about that, Colonel! We weren't sure who you were. And, well . . . it's better to be safe than sorry out here!
All batteries are inactive now, please prepare for landing
What s that all about? Land? On what?!
Turn the ship around and take a peek, Kelly .
Kelly turned shit green when he saw what was waiting for us!
Jeez, you clowns are sneaky Next time Adams flies his own damn shift an I'll stay home with the warm wife an' cold beer!


Come on in, Colonel Turner! You and your ship are cleared for terminal approach and landing
Welcome to George Peterson Field.
To be continued

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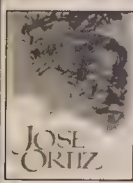
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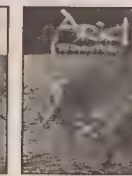
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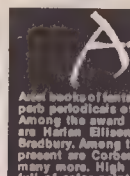
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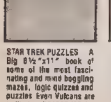
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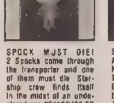
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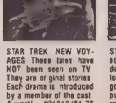
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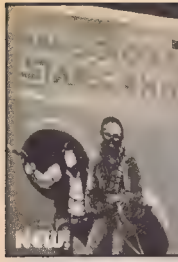


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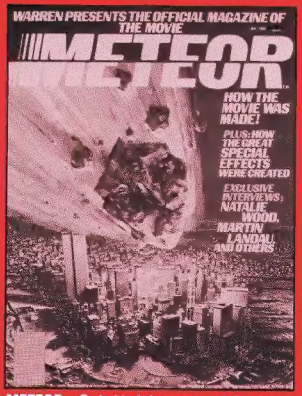
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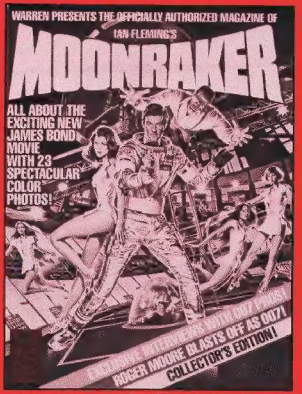
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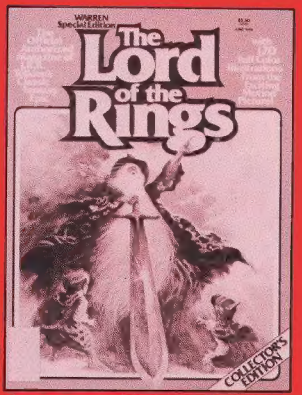
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